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WEDNESDAY, 1969

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MILLION-DOLLAR pro rookies Denny Anderson and Jim Grabowski challenge the pillars of Green Bay football, Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor. An analysis of their prospects.

TROTTER'S CLASSICS begin with the Yonkers Futurity—first at the Triple Crown—and a field with no standout assures strong competition all the way to The Hambletonian.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS possesses an entire nation as the three-week, 7,000-mile bicycle race known as the Tour drives nearly everything else off the front pages in France.

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When Associate Editor John Underwood approached Alabama Football Coach Paul Bryant about putting his thoughts on paper, The Bear was sitting in his campus office which, Underwood says, "is not quite as big as a football field." Bryant brought out a large hardbound appointment book crammed with entries—speaking engagements, clinics, celebrity golf tournaments, spring football games and a couple of days with the university president at Bryant's Alabama lake retreat. "Just jammed," said Coach Bryant, who already this year has put in some 160 personal appearances. "I don't see why we can't work it in."

For the next three months Underwood lived the hectic life of Bryant as the two traveled thousands of miles together, working whenever and wherever they could on the five-part series that starts on page 52. Underwood and Bryant became such regular companions that the coach automatically booked reservations for two whenever he was arranging one of his frequent trips. On a typical weekend they flew to Chicago in the university's private plane, and from there to Lafayette, La., where Bryant kept a standing-room-only crowd enthralled with advice on being a winner. Underwood must have dozed through the lecture because Bear consistently embarrassed him in their running gin-rummy game.

In Miami and Tuscaloosa free moments were spent at golf. Bryant plays

the game with teeth-grinding determination. He has a short, Doug Sanders-like backswing and a unique policy on the first hole: hit until you get one you like. This suited Underwood—who takes about six shots to get going—just fine, but it did nothing for his short game, where Bryant was always much slicker. In Memphis Bear and Jack Nicklaus won a pro-am tournament with handicap eagles on the last three holes.

The most productive hours were spent on the Florida Keys, at the air-conditioned, complete-with-pool cottage of one of Bryant's TV sponsors. "Paul," says Underwood, "relaxed on the patio in Bermuda shorts and gave free rein to his memory, which is remarkable—names, dates, places, scores, triumphs, embarrassments—he knew them all and they checked out. He even corrected my spelling."

Fatigue finally caught up with Bryant in Los Angeles. Underwood had joined him in Las Vegas and, accustomed as he was to Bryant's hard schedule, thought then that "The Bear looked as if he needed some hibernation." The night before a coaches' clinic, Bryant and his wife, Mary Harmon, went out with friends until 2 a.m. He was up at 5:30 a.m. as usual, but as he and Underwood rode to the clinic he said he did not feel well. He would not think of a postponement, however. Said Bryant: "If those people think enough of me to listen, I'll talk."

He was not able to that day. He collapsed, and who was riding next to him in the ambulance on the way to the hospital? Underwood, of course. He held on to Bryant's wallet and prayed for his safety. Men like Bryant, he told himself, are not made every day. As it turned out, Coach Paul Bryant needed only a few days rest. Fully recovered, he called Underwood in Miami. "Meet me in New York," he said. "We have to finish what we started." I know you will be happy they did.



COACH BRYANT AND UNDERWOOD AT WORK

Garry Vail

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SCORECARD

THE THING TO SAY

After the assassination of President Kennedy there was a predictable clamor for restrictive legislation that would make it difficult—but not too difficult—to buy firearms. Nothing much came of it, except that Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut was encouraged to concoct a bill that looked asinine at the purchase of firearms by mail—presumably on the theory that weapons that pass through the post office are more lethal than those obtained from the neighborhood sporting goods dealer—and would otherwise meaninglessly discommodate the person who wanted to buy a rifle or shotgun for hunting or plinking purposes. Nothing in the bill would have done more than inconvenience the Kennedy assassin or the nut who retaliated by killing Lee Harvey Oswald.

Time cooled political passions, and the bill seemed headed for deserved oblivion. Then a shallow-brained misfit murdered eight Chicago nurses, although not with a gun, and a psychotic student mounted the University of Texas tower, after murdering his wife and mother, and slaughtered 14 more.

Political reaction was instant. President Johnson demanded legislative action of a wonderfully unspecified kind. All hands, including the President, conceded that no legislation, contemplated or prospective, would have had the slightest effect on any of the deranged killers or would have saved their victims. But, in the emotional climate of the moment, "Let us pass a law" seems to be the expedient thing to say.

MERGER SCHMERGER

The merger between the NFL and the AFL, which nine weeks ago seemed a *fait accompli*, now appears, after all, to be neither a *fait* nor an *accompli*. Pete Rozelle, the would-be commissioner of the combined league, said last week that he was seeking a bill from Congress that would specifically exempt pro football from antitrust laws. Rozelle added that

without such legislation the merger might be ruled illegal.

As we have previously stated, the benefits of a merger would largely accrue to the owners; it seems of little advantage to the fans whether they see NFL ball, AFL ball, NFL-AFL ball or ETAOIN SHRDLU ball. What the fans are aching to see, however, is the AFL-NFL championship game, scheduled for sometime next January. If the merger does fall through, we hope at least the dream game survives.

THE WORM DIGGERS TURN

As we go to press the airline strike is in its 32nd day, but you will doubtless be cheered to hear that the blood-worm diggers' strike is over. One hundred diggers laid down their shovels in Wisconsin. Me. last week, demanding a price hike of 25¢ or 25.50 per 100 worms.

Since the worms are highly prized as bait by saltwater fishermen, the blood-worm dealers averted a crisis by capitulating after the diggers had been idle only 24 hours. As a result of the settlement, the wholesale price of blood worms in New York has soared from \$2.75 to \$3 a hundred, and the cost to the fisherman is up from 80¢ to 90¢ a dozen. Although the pay boost, which means \$10 to \$15 more a week to the diggers, grossly exceeds the President's anti-inflation guideposts, the White House has so far been silent.

SOME WINNER

Quantitatively. Pete Riccielli, 22, a light heavyweight from Portland, Me., is the best fighter in the world. He has already had 20 fights this year, which is not only more than anyone else but, according to the *Rug Record Book*, more than any fighter had in all of 1965. Moreover, Pete has won 19 of the 20.

Is he, then, championship material? Well, for one thing, his opponents have been somewhat wanting qualitatively. For another, last week, following the 20th fight, in which he gained a loudly-

booed split decision over Rocky Halliday of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Pete went to the office of the *Portland Press-Herald* and requested that a statement announcing his retirement be written. Said Pete: "I can't take the booing."

SH-N-N-H

PGA officials posted the following notice on a telephone booth situated at the first tee of the Lakewood Country Club in an effort to maintain silence during last week's Cleveland Open: "Please do not drop money in while golfers are teeing off."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Since time immemorial, or at least for as long as the Washington State Fisheries Department has cared to count, 150 silver salmon have swum up Coal Creek, which flows on the outskirts of Seattle, to spawn. Since the last salmon passed that way, however, Interstate 405 has been built, and a 500-foot stretch of Coal Creek now goes through a culvert.

Fearing that the fish may refuse to enter the black mouth of the culvert this autumn—homing salmon don't travel at night—highway engineers have spent \$3,000 rigging it with electric lights and



elaborate controls so that the light inside can be adjusted to coincide with the time of day and weather conditions outside. Or, as one highway official rhapsodizes: "The illumination can be changed from the full brightness of a sunny day to romantic moonlight."

PARTING GESTURE

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gets up and leaves the ball park. Not at 9:59 p.m. Not at 10:01 p.m. There can be a no-hitter going, a record on the line, the possibility of a rally—no matter. At 10 p.m. he arises and departs.

The gentleman is Frank Cuccia, a Baltimore businessman who quite simply is of the opinion that ball games are unnecessarily prolonged and that two hours of baseball is enough. In the seven years that he has been standing up for what he believes in, Cuccia estimates he has seen four complete games—and had several hundred good nights' sleep.

THE FOURTH STEPS FORTH

A fourth television network is scheduled to begin operation in the fall of 1987. It will be called the Overmyer Network after its chairman, Daniel H. Overmyer, who heads a group of companies that includes a warehouse system, a credit corporation, an industrial leasing concern, a national bank, a business newspaper and six TV stations. Its president is Oliver E. Treiz, formerly president of ABC, and its vice-president and director of sports is Thomas J. McMahon.

"In TV today we have followership not leadership," McMahon said the other day. Of course, since the three going networks have the major sports sewed up, the Overmyer Network has little choice but to innovate, if not exactly lead.

So, what's on McMahon's mind? Well, for one, he's thinking about putting on the Continental League, which plays professional football. "They're playing a schedule," McMahon said somewhat defensively. "People are paying to come in." Then he's investigating drag racing, which, he said, is the sport in which "the most money is spent by teen-agers, dollar-wise," but he's not sure what kind of picture he'd get as the dragsters are enveloped in clouds of exhaust. He also is considering televising minor league baseball on a regional basis. "Everybody is major league conscious, but the grass roots is the story of success," he argued rather obscurely. "You'll find excellence in one phase of play in the minors compared to a balance of ability in the majors, but not peaks of ability."

McMahon is thinking, too, of reviving boxing on a weekly basis; he has tatted with Lloyds of London about insuring a gimmicky kind of bowling show, evidently having something to do with 300 games, and he wistfully mentioned skiing, lacrosse, yachting and skin diving.

"Everywhere you go there's a guy in one of those suits," he said.

Next, McMahon waxed mysterious and sibilant. "I've got two things so hot I'd lose them if I talked about them," he confided. "I'm going to beat pro football. Tie or beat them. That sounds bold. But it's not the time to say it. It's the time to do it."

Less visionary, perhaps, is a show he proposes to call *Yesterday in Sport*. It seems the Overmyer Network has nine million feet of film depicting what McMahon calls great moments in sport. "Bobby Jones!" he said. "Lenglen-Wills! Barney Oldfield! Babe Ruth playing for the Red Sox! If we can't be great today, we'll be great yesterday."

Now you're talking, Mac.

TENNIS. ANYONE?

The lot of the average man has rarely been so poignantly expressed as in this want ad appearing last week in the *Los Angeles Times*:

"Mediocre tennis player wants better player to rally twice a week, \$2.50/hour."

RENT-A-CAT

A classified ad in the latest issue of the Orleans, Mass. *Oracle* reads, "Cats for rent. A few choice solids and popular patterns still available. Don't be without a pet on your vacation. 25¢ first week, 10¢ a week thereafter. The Oldest Cat Rental Agency on Cape Cod..."

The oldest what? A child's enterprise? An adult's joke? A multimillion-dollar cat-renting empire? Nope. It seems that two Sundays ago a young woman who lives year-round on the Cape was out driving with her husband, and they were remarking upon the number of flags displayed by summer people. The couple mused that human beings enjoy ritual and tradition but find time for them only on holiday. It was too bad, they thought, that there should be no place for vacationers to rent appropriately large shaggy dogs to go with summer houses, and from this whimsy all it took was one mighty, inspirational leap to arrive at the Oldest Cat Rental Agency on Cape Cod—now, in fact, exactly two weeks old.

"We have eight cats, and we don't need eight cats," the wife explained.

"Two or three are fine—they're nice to have purring around—but our cats have had kittens." Unwilling to give them away or sell them—vacationers are too apt to abandon kittens when the trip back to the city looms—it occurred to her that if she rented kittens, come summer

continued

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SCORECARD continued

men's end people would feel perfectly free to return them. Thus if a katten renter said he wanted to keep the kitten, one could be kidding he was going to keep it. Eureka! But how's business? "Our first customer is coming this afternoon," she replied. "A man called and wants a calico cat for two weeks. He has field mice."

Next question. Why does this unknown man with field mice have to have a calico cat to chase them?

THE UNFIT GLOVE

As devotees of a game that defies perfection, golfers buy all sorts of gimmicks to improve their play—only the game is then no longer golf. For instance, a few years ago ads appeared heralding atomic golf balls that were mysteriously irradiated with cobalt at Oak Ridge, Tenn. and were alleged to travel considerably farther than unexposed golf balls. Next thing you know, they will dispense with clubs and shoot the balls out of guns. Meanwhile, Rod Campbell, a driving-range pro from Bali-Cynwyd, Pa. and Dr. Stanley K. Herberts, a Philadelphia optometrist, guarantee a golfer up to 75 more yards off the tee with a simple flick of the left wrist. It's not in the ball. It's not in the club. Where is it? It's in the glove!

Campbell and Herberts are marketing a little item called the Miracle Golf Glove, which is loaded with four ounces of metal pellets. These, sewn into the back of the glove, add weight to help pull the hands into the ball faster. Additional hand speed results in longer drives.

"I think this glove will have the same effect on golf that fiber glass had on pole-vaulting," Campbell says. What the USGA would think is something else. Campbell, prudently, hasn't asked.

THEY SAID IT

• Enzo Stuarti, Italian tenor and racing car buff, asked how he knew when to shift a borrowed Ferrari 275 GTB "By ear. When I hear a flat from the engine, I shift."

• Bob Veale, Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher, on the relative importance of pitching and hitting: "Good pitching always stops good hitting and vice versa."

• Jim Ryun, taking his first real vacation after three dedicated years of twice-daily workouts. "You know, television is terrible."

END

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FOUND: A PRETTY PENNY

A broken leg ruined the hopes of the men, but some young U.S. girls surprised themselves and their coach with big performances in the opening event of the world Alpine ski championships at Portillo, Chile **by BOB OTTUM**

In a wildly jagged notch of the Andes some 9,200 feet above Santiago, Chile as the snow falls and 85 miles away via a road that switches back and forth between avalanches, there is a town called Portillo. It bursts above the cloud line in a scene of spectacular isolation, with peaks rising up more than 20,000 feet on all sides. For years it has been the hide-away playground of the jet set—the jet set perhaps being anybody who can make it up the road from Santiago—and, with its million miles of untracked powder snow and its violet-edged Lake of the Incas, it has a dreamlike quality.

Last week the world Alpine ski championships struggled up the road and into the dream, and if some of the things that happened proved to be positive nightmares, the performance of a youthful team of American girls in the opening event of the meet, the ladies' slalom, was dreamy. One of them cried a little and one of them led a little, but among them they took four of the first eight places, with long-haired Penny McCoy winning the U.S. a bronze medal.

The success of the American girls achieved two things: it gave promise that the country's young women skiers are better than expected, and it proved what any frequenter of suburban driveways knows, that U.S. teen-agers thrive in bizarre settings. Portillo is bizarre enough even for a teen-ager.

It has to be assumed that the world ski championship is a major sporting event, but the Fédération Internationale

de Ski chose to forget this when it awarded its biennial games to a town at the top of the Andes. Actually, Portillo is not a town at all. It is a lodge—a crumbling structure that looks the same as it did the day Noah and the animals left it on top of the mountain when the flood went down—and a railroad shack and two St. Bernard dogs. To accommodate 22 skiing nations, FIS officials and crews of world newsmen, the lodge was expanded to sleep 650 instead of 450. This was achieved by wedging steel bunk beds into every corner. As for spectators, there were none, assuming you discount the Chilean army and a handful of local retainers.

By last Thursday, when Chile's President Eduardo Frei copped up from civilization to open the 21-day games officially, he had a captive audience of the world's best skiers, all growing restive in their isolation and waiting for something to happen. With him was a Chilean Undersecretary of the Interior who in his speech asked the question that was on everybody's mind. "I again inquire, as many must have done here in our country and abroad: Why did this competition have to take place here in Chile? What is it this country is seeking in a sports event such as this?" His answer was that "new streams of tourism shall probably flow toward our country." With that established, President Frei, who looks strikingly like an un-sanitized Charles de Gaulle, officially opened the games. He stayed so have

lunch—there wasn't room for him to spend the night—and the action began.

At Portillo were all of the faces that have become as familiar on the winter racing circuit as those of the pros on the golf tour. There were Jean-Claude Killy, the lanky daredevil from France, and Austria's two champions, Egon Zimmermann, who was the 1964 Olympic downhill winner, and Christl Haas, who has owned the women's downhill event since 1961, as well as the famed Karl Schranz. France also sent along the sisters Gotschel, Christine and Marielle, and tiny Annie Farnose, the 23-year-old gymnast who packs teddy bears on all her ski trips and wears a silver name tag on each wrist so that she can be identified from either side. And there were others almost as tough: Canada's Nancy Greene, an all-events flash, and squads of Swis, Germans and Japanese.

Into this international island in the sky marched Coach Bob Beattie and the U.S. team—the men with some hope of immediate successes, the girls, Beattie's Babies, with nothing but the future to think about. "We are still a long way off," Beattie said of his skiing sorority. "Don't expect anything of us at this meet. We are here to gain experience, not medals. Remember that. But these kids show promise, don't they?"

The Portillo games from the start offered the prospect of a resumption of the duel between America's Billy Kidd and France's Killy. The two had shared most of the top honors last season before

continued

Annie Farnose (No. 5) smiles after her victory, but she was not any happier than Penny McCoy, the upstart of the U.S. team, who finished third.





Kidd quit to have an operation on an old ankle injury. Now Killy was ready, looking immensely unfrustrated, but Kidd showed up at the top of the hill with a hole in his left ankle bone—through which the tendons had been threaded—an elastic bandage over that, then stretch pants and a boot over the whole thing. He insisted, however, that he was ready to roll.

The men's downhill course at Portillo is not long—8,778 feet—but it is a steep, twisting kidney-breaker full of tight turns where a racer could spill at top speed and land in Lima, Peru. Among the most dangerous courses in modern world competition, it starts at 10,240 feet on a face so steep that platforms had to be hacked out to stand on. Any racer who survived the first four gates built up a speed estimated at 60 to 80 miles an hour before he hit a tight turn that shot him down toward the valley below, where there was a parking lot with a helicopter waiting to take him to the hospital. The course finished with a flourish, crossing over two highway tunnels. The second of these was hump-backed, hurling skiers through the air for 100 feet or so, and providing a quick, horrifying look at most of Chile.

On Thursday morning, before the opening ceremonies, Germany's Wally Bogner went out for a practice run on the downhill course. Bogner made it for three gates and then fell. "I cartwheeled seven, eight, nine, 10 times," he said. "I kept thinking, 'Well, sooner or later you stop somewhere. Hah?'"

Kidd was less lucky. "I made it all the way to the last tunnel," he said. "I really came off it flying. When I came down—after forever—I was all right. That is, I landed on both feet. But the jolt knocked my goggles down over my eyes, and I couldn't see. I veered to the right and crashed off the course. I remember cartwheeling. My knees smashed up against my face a couple of times and chipped one of my front teeth. When I landed I felt a pain in my right ankle and thought, 'Well, that's good. At least I didn't hurt my left leg again. Maybe it's just a sprain and I can get it taped up before the race.' When they got to me I lay there and told them, 'Take my right ski off first, fellas.' But my right ski was already off. So then I rained up and looked down at my right

leg. I was lying flat, but my leg was bent up in the air."

Word was flashed back to the lodge that Kidd had broken his leg, and any hope of a superior showing by the U.S. men's team seemed to have been shattered with it. Jimmy Heuga, at his best in the slalom, now had to try and fill Kidd's ski boots in the downhill, but the best he could do on Sunday was finish 19th as France's Killy won. Worse yet, the downhill course claimed another American during the race, when 19-year-old Walter Falk fell and suffered serious head injuries.

On the other hand, Beattie's Babes were making precocious noises. All four of them earned seedings in the first 15 places for the ladies' slalom, and the starting draw for Friday's race sprinkled them advantageously among the first eight spots. Cathy Allen, 20, of Mammoth Mountain, Calif. had the first starting position, her sister, Wendy, 21, the third, Penny McCoy, 16, also of Mammoth, the sixth, and Jean Saubert, 24, silver medalist in the 1964 Olympics, the eighth.

The two slalom courses at Portillo were unusually steep, averaging about 32° of fast drop through 52 gates. On the first course Nancy Greene rifled down in 45.54 to take the lead. After her came Famose and Marielle Gotschel. But then came Cathy Allen and Saubert in the fourth and fifth spots, and McCoy and Wendy Allen in the seventh and eighth. Though competing against Europe's best, North Americans had come up with five of the first eight positions. If there had been a crowd, it would have cheered wildly.

Now, confronted with a real chance to do well, the American girls added some drama as well as speed to the championships in the person of Penny McCoy. Penny is a small honey blonde who will never frighten any of the European girls on a hillside, since most European girl skiers, Famose being a noteworthy exception, come in large, economy sizes. She is a wide-eyed youngster, and as she climbed back up for the second run of the slalom her blue-green eyes filled with tears and there was an unmistakable sound of sniffing. She was not scared of the run, but she was terrified that she would do something simply awful and embarrass the

United States of America, and all of its territories, too. Sixteen-year-old girls worry about that sort of thing. If she looked down, there would be Coach Beattie standing far below, squinting up at her. And if she looked up, there would be the U.S. Women's coach, Chuck Ferries, far above, stormy as a breaking hurricane. The more Penny thought about it, the more she snuffled.

At about this time she caught the attention of Jean Saubert, who was standing on the starting platform with the taped knuckles and the firm look that meant this was old stuff to her. "Listen, Penny," said Jean, "what is there to worry about? I mean, really. I remember before I started my second run back at Innsbruck I was two whole seconds behind. But I made a fast run and won the silver medal. So just settle down and do your best."

McCoy, who had been 1.74 seconds off the pace set by Greene in the first run, dried her eyes and got back to work. When her turn came, she started winging down like a pint-sized Batgirl, dancing from gate to gate. Beattie, looking startled for the first time all week, suddenly began howling, "My God. Go, McCoy. Go." Penny went. She cut her second run to 45.07, beating even her counselor, Saubert, and earning the U.S. its first Portillo medal as Annie Famose won the race, with Marielle Gotschel second. Behind Penny came Saubert and Cathy Allen. Greene, unable to recapture her first-run rhythm, was seventh and Wendy Allen eighth, giving the U.S. four of the first eight places.

"How about that?" cried Saubert to Beattie, and she told him of her talk with Penny at the top of the hill. "And you know what?" she said. "The part I said to Penny about my being two seconds behind at Innsbruck wasn't even true. Golly, I can't remember how far behind I was. But what I said worked all right, didn't it?"

It was not much later that Bronze Medal Winner McCoy, who could be the start of something for the U.S., was picking her way through the mob in the old lodge clutching an enormous bouquet of flowers. "Gee," she said, "all those European racers are so big and so experienced and all. They used to scare me to death. But you know what? They won't frighten me again."

END

Went into the run that brought the U.S. its first medal at Portillo, Californian Penny McCoy cuts sharply through a gate in the ladies' slalom.

JERRY COHEN



Beginning his furious, final onslaught in the third round of Saturday's heavyweight title bout in England, Cassius Clay launches a vicious left

IF CASSIUS CAN'T

Clay's first right started challenger London toward the canvas. Another right an instant later resolved the issue as Clay mercifully backed off





Continuing his attack after several more fast jabs, the champion moves in on the virtually helpless Brian London with a powerful right smash.

PUNCH, THEN LONDON ISN'T DOWN

CONTINUED

Down and unable to rise, London is pointed out following a barrage of rapid fire blows that should have convinced him but, curiously, did not.



Brian London talked a better fight than he gave, and Cassius Clay, for a change, gave a better fight than he talked. The bout did prove the champion can punch, no matter what the Blackpool Bulldog said

by JOHN LOVESEY

For a man whose head had just been used as a punching bag, Brian London had an odd way of describing Cassius Clay. "He isn't a puncher," said London. "He just hit me so many times I didn't know where I was." This way please for the champ's next opponent, and mind those combinations.

London's wife, Veronica, a chirpy, buxom blonde, held a somewhat different view of the heavyweight champion's power right from the start. A boxing fan, she not only thanks Clay is a great fighter but sad as much before the bout. "I don't mind if he beats my husband," she told a reporter, "as long as he leaves me a little bit."

Lancashire, where they invented a dish called hotpot, and Blackpool, London's home town and the county's ram-bunctious seaside resort where they boast about the number of colored lights in the streets, are used to such forthrightness. Assess your chances, natives believe, and come out with it, blunt like. No pussyfooting around the facts.

The facts of the second defense of his world title in England in little over two months by Muhammad Ali Cassius Clay (MACC, as one British sportswriter dubbed him, harking back to Harold Macmillan, who was known snidely as Supermac) were, to quote London, "unique." They added up, judging by preflight predictions, to the nearest grab since England's celebrated train robbery: London's take was estimated at \$112,000.

THE GREAT LONDON GOLD RUSH, read a headline over a newspaper article the morning of the fight, and one who skipped on to news about the cricket test match between the West Indies and England or the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica could be forgiven for mistaking the story as just another account in the life of the Blackpool Bulldog, who has never made a secret of his affection for money. The newspaper, as it turned out, was reporting that the price of gold had swept to its highest peak in years on the City bullion market.

Despite a physiognomy that touches on a pugilistic extreme—London's face could hardly be more concave if he lay down on his back and told a man with a jack hammer to go to work on him—he has always claimed a disenchantment with fighting. His father, who ended up as a nightclub bouncer, was the first postwar British heavyweight champion. Virtually forced into following in his parent's footsteps, London started to box professionally in 1955. With an odd, gluttonous appetite for soft, fizzy drinks and a knack for finding trouble, he became the bad boy of the British ring. Regularly he ran afoul of the British Boxing Board of Control and once, letting his wretched temper get the upper hand, he started laying about the head of an opponent's trainer. On another occasion he rendered unconscious a fan who had planned to commiserate with him by butting the man in the face.

To curb his weight, London cut down on his soft drink intake. This seemed to bring about a character transformation, which, if it did nothing to improve London as a fighter, did lead to public statements endearing him to the hearts of Women's Christian Temperance Union members. "I have never drunk a pint of ale," he said recently, "smoked a cigarette, gambled or touched any woman in my life except Veronica. And I met her when she was 15."

London came to his fight with Clay with 48 contests behind him and disadvantages in age (32 to Clay's 24), speed and reach (7 inches less), to name just a few. On the rosy side, which is the kindest way of putting it, London could claim that, though he had been beaten 13 times, only one man had ever put him on the canvas. That worthy was Floyd Patterson, whom London fought in 1959 in a match which he took without the BBBC's permission, in consequence of which he was later suspended and fined. The Patterson fight, coupled with the Clay meeting, gave London an unusual distinction. His

challenges for the world title were seven years apart. The results of both drove a knowing student of the noble art in Blighty to conclude, "There are not likely to be any other British aspirants in the foreseeable future."

As recently as May of this year Brian London lost on points to Thad Spencer. Among other notable achievements he could count three defeats at the hands of his country's champion, Henry Cooper, who took the British heavyweight title from him seven years ago. Twice a bloody victim of Clay, Cooper was prompted to remark that if London won his fight at the Earls Court Arena in the British capital, then he would become the world champion, too.

As politely unimpressed by London's lack of finesse as Cooper was the former world light-heavyweight champion, France's Georges Carpentier, who could only describe a workout he witnessed as *amateur*. But London was impressive in another important way. He provided most of the preflight shenanigans. "London built this fight," Clay himself acknowledged in his dressing room afterward. "I have to respect him for his boldness."

London trained in a holiday camp close to his home. Holiday camps, as understood in Britain, are establishments that appeal to people with an overwhelming nostalgia for barracks life. They are enormously popular, generating the impression that at any moment the inmates will burst cheerily forth in an old wartime favorite, the punch line of which is, "We'll soon have the Hun on the run, run, run." The barracks are only thinly veiled in these years of peace with brightly colored plastics and gaudy lighting. Brian London's sparring ring was set up in the Sunset Cafe of his particular camp, and he was photographed with a troupe of dancers in grass skirts and Carmen Miranda feathered headdresses. His most memorable comment came when he was asked whether Clay's habit of talking to opponents during a fight would upset him. "Clay insult me?"

London responded bravely. "I'm too ignorant."

Such talk was difficult for even the loquacious Clay to match. His training establishment was a gym in Hampstead in northwest London. The windows were covered with brown paper to discourage peeping fans and the radiators were turned on to make the place feel like Miami. Clay said he was tired and worried. He even hinted of eventual retirement to a female reporter who literally shook in his presence. The doubts, guessed one writer, were "figments of a well-trained imagination, to give the box office a fillip."

The trouble was that the ticket sales of Promoters Jack Solomons and Lawrie Lewis needed the sort of boost that goes into a Gemini project. On the night of the fight the arena, which could have absorbed 18,000, was barely half full. No amount of persuasion had convinced the English public that London was anything but a pushover for Clay. And on the morning of the fight one daily even carried a report of the bout as if it had already taken place. The story was overgenerous to London, saying he would be beaten in 11 rounds.

Clay's own training—or lack of it, as some believed—seemed to a minority of speculators to be London's only chance. Once it was reported in slightly aghast tones that Muhammad Ali had arrived at the gym two hours late. Some members of England's World Cup soccer team, who had waited patiently to see him train, left before he arrived. He sparred 26 rounds, all while in London, the last five almost a week before meeting his challenger. But in those five, according to Trainer Angelo Dundee, he reached his peak. "It is just a matter now," said Dundee, "of keeping him up there."

While Clay feigned lassitude, London was explaining energetically his plan of battle. He based his hopes on the theory that he was a fighter very much like George Chuvalo, the Canadian who went the distance with Clay last spring. "I would never say that Clay was anything but a great boxer," explained London,

"but Chuvalo proved that a man can stay with Clay, and Henry Cooper proved that Clay dislikes being hit on the jaw. That is what I shall be going for. I want to crowd him and throw punches all the time. It is my intention to have a thump. Clay may cut me, outbox me, even beat me. But I'll be there at the end thumping."

Henry Cooper, helping the gate, pointed out that London does not bleed much but instead swells and puffs from punches. He conjured up a vision of London, swollen like an enraged toad, cutting down Clay's area for maneuvering with each blow received and finally pinning him with one grand thump before himself exploding.

But on serious analysis London's task seemed hopeless. A boxer who eschews hooks or straight punches, he normally moves forward while throwing arching blows, thus taking the sting out of his punches. At the weigh-in, where he scaled 200½ pounds, nine less than Clay, London commented, "If we win, everybody else will be sick," and he could not have uttered a truer word. From Clay, strangely the more silent player in the masquerade leading up to the fight, there was at last a muted note of menace. "We'll see by the result of the fight," he remarked, "whether I'm ready or not."

The fight will probably rank as the nonfight of the year. Earls Court is also used for exhibitions, like the motor show, so perhaps what happened Saturday night can be excused on that basis. When it was over, London could not have been said to have landed one significant blow. "I wasn't wanting to waste my strength and energy early on," was his story. "I wanted to take my time." He did. He tried stalking Clay in the first round, his shoulders hunched, but the champion, enveloped in gay confidence, was on a carousel. London never could climb on. The wariness which Clay displayed for a time in the second fight with Cooper, watching out for Henry's proven left, had evaporated, and he was leaping in with lefts and rights, even leading with his right.

In the second round London again attempted to go after Clay and tie him up, but it was a futile gesture. "Rough him

up, Brian," was the poor advice of an optimistic spectator in the audience. The gulf between the two fighters became quite clear when London moved as if to trap Clay in a corner, London's own corner, where the fight was soon to end. Clay nonchalantly danced out. Then, before the round was over, he hit London with a combination of left- and right-hand punches that left his opponent shaken and clearly doomed.

The rest of the contest, if it can be called that, took place in the London corner with the positions reversed. "It was hard until I caught him," Clay recalled later with a diplomat's flair. He had London trapped, and delivered a devastating series of about a dozen blows to his opponent's head in a little more than a few seconds. First lefts, as if he had a speed bag in front of him. Then left and right hooks and, lastly, two deadly right-hand punches similar to the one that put Liston out in his second fight with Clay. London slumped down on his side and was counted out after 1 minute 40 seconds of the third round.

The only lesson of the fight, apart from the obvious one of human gullibility, was the underscoring of Clay's punching speed and the pulverizing momentum of power that he builds up with them. They were, he explained, "fast and snappy, more of a shock," and in that sense London may have been correct when he said Clay was not a puncher. But only in that sense.

For his fight with London, Clay revealed, he had concentrated on hitting power. "I could have been faster for this fight," he said, "if I'd weighed 201 instead of 210 pounds. I was not just out for a knockout, but I have another fight in five weeks, and a long one now would have taken too much out of me."

No doubt Clay will trim down for his fight with Karl Mildenberger in Frankfurt next month. If not, he should. Unlike London, the German heavyweight has a reputation for running in the ring like "a scared crow." As for Brian London, he would like a return with Cassius Clay, but only, as he told the champion, if he ties "a 56-pound weight" to each leg. Even on these terms the fight would be a one-sided affair.

END



Turning point of game came when Bart Starr (with Paul Hornung and Coach Vince Lombardi) began wanting us. Starr & Co. were never threatened.

A POOR SHOW BY THE NEW RICH

The last wave of pro football rookies to claim lavish bonuses was humiliated by the Green Bay Packers in an All-Star Game that demonstrated just how absurd a mismatch the outdated Chicago classic has become **by DAN JENKINS**

The last of pro football's big spenders sauntered into Chicago's Soldier Field Friday evening to be promptly, rudely and continuously dumped on their pretty wallets by the Green Bay Packers, who are not as rich but play better football. As they do every few years, the professional champions got themselves emotionally cranked up for the occasion of the College All-Star Game, and they buried the \$4 million worth of rookies by a score of 38 to 0, thus equaling the pros' widest margin of victory. The Packers were so efficient that the game was obviously over by half time, when they led by four touchdowns, and the realists in the stadium

fled to the lights of Rush Street, wondering once more if the annual mismatch is really necessary.

The game once had far more meaning. It was originated in 1934, after all, when postseason football games were scarce, and the pros could use the headlines. Even the collegians had only the Rose Bowl and the East-West game—not today's torrent of pro-senior-halla-west-north-coaches-winter-summer spectacles, which threaten to make the sport a year-round activity. Until 1947 the game was more sanely scheduled on or around August 30 and was traditionally the season's first game. And until 1955 it held more status on the

campuses because college men—Frank Leahy, Bobby Dodd, Bud Wilkinson, et al.—were selected as the All-Star coaches, and this added extra flavor. Even up until half a dozen years ago, therefore, college graduates still looked forward to Chicago with zest, delighted to put on those jerseys with the red stars on the shoulders and to see such people as Sam Baugh, Sid Luckman and Bobby Layne up close.

Now it seems logical that they would rather be in their pro training camps, trying to make the team, than in Evanston, Ill. for three weeks trying to find ways not to get knocked down by Jim Taylor.

"It's a thrill to be here. I don't mean to say it isn't a thrill, but you sure do wish you were in camp most of the time," said Arkansas All-America Glen Ray Hines, a tackle.

That was before the game. Afterward, Texas Linebacker Tommy Nobis, an All-Star co-captain, said, "We just didn't seem to be too inspired, for some reason." Said Illinois Fullback Jim Grabowski: "If this were the only All-Star game, like it used to be, I guess you'd feel differently about it. But a lot of the guys have played in a bowl game and then in something like the East-West or North-South, and then in the Hula Bowl or Senior Bowl, and again last month in the coaches' game in Atlanta. I know for myself, I keep feeling I ought to be in Green Bay learning their plays. We're all going to be three weeks behind when we finally get to camp."

Usually after the Chicago game at least one high-salaried rookie finds himself even further behind than that. Somebody gets hurt, one way or another. This time it was Oklahoma Linebacker Carl McAdams, whom the New York Jets had paid \$300,000. "Officially," said a teammate with a twinkle in his eye, "he stepped off the curb." Then he added, "But I heard the other story, too."

McAdams suffered a broken ankle before the game, and the Jets will not get his services until November. A story persisted in the stars' camp and in the hotel lobbies around Chicago where hundreds of coaches, sports publicity men, newspapermen and scouts congregate each year during All-Star week, that McAdams had got his injury in a sidewalk scuffle one evening when some of the sightseeing rookies ran into some Chicago Bears. "Apparently," said one rookie, "the Bears hadn't heard about the merger."

The visitors' mild affection for All-Star football was not increased by the Packers, who were a far different team from the one that lost to the 1963 collegians. That defeat had been deeply embarrassing to Coach Vince Lombardi. Thereafter he became the first man capable of maiming you with a scowl. The Packers of that day had won the NFL championship twice in a row. They were

complacent, and they were without the services of Halfback Paul Hornung (who had been suspended) and ailing guard Jerry Kramer. The Packers ran at All-Star Quarterback Ron Vander-Kelen and couldn't catch him. The collegians won, 20 to 17.

This time the Packers were healthy, had come off a good training camp with sustains and clearly wanted the game. "The '63 game has been mentioned once or twice," smiled Hornung. Said the veteran guard Fuzzy Thurston, "We're not up as we would be for a league game, but it's no exhibition, either." To which End Max McGee added, "Yeah, television gets you wired up a little. And then those All-Stars, they gang tackle and all that junk."

Well, they would have, maybe, if they had been able to find the Packers' Bart Starr, who passed brilliantly, or Flanker Boyd Dowler, who immediately destroyed the All-Star secondary with his quick, turn-in moves, or Fullback Jim Taylor and Hornung, who followed their friendly guards like members of a day camp behind the counselors.

The Green Bay regulars scored six of the eight times they got the ball, going 33, 16, 47, 20, 72, and 87 yards for five touchdowns and a field goal, and then they left the field late in the third quarter. They would have scored the other two times, barreling to the collegians' 20- and 22-yard lines, except for minor miscues, a first-down fumble and a blocked field goal try. The final score could have been anything Lombardi wanted to make it.

The Packer attack was so thorough, and so thoroughly unsuspenseful from late in the second quarter on that when someone later asked ABC-TV's Chris Schenkel if he thought the show lost its audience, Chris said, "Audience? In the control room I think they lost the monitors."

By that time Starr had passed 10 yards to Dowler for a touchdown and 13 yards to Bill Anderson for another, both on simple slant-in patterns that baffled All-Star Defender Charlie King of Purdue. Willie Wood returned a punt 69 yards to put Taylor in position to smash across one of his two touchdowns, and Herb Adderley delightedly observed a rookie

pass thrown directly into his hands—the person next nearest the ball being a rioter on the south side of town—and danced 34 yards for another touchdown.

Most insiders knew before the game that this was not the type of All-Star squad that occasionally beats the pros and encourages sentimental fans to keep returning in the hope of little miracles. "They've got no scrambling quarterback," said one pro scout. "Their defensive line is weak and so is the secondary. They've got good running backs and good linebackers, but that's about it."

And it was. The game went 11 minutes into the second quarter before the rookies even managed a first down. At that point it seemed that the heroes of the night for the All-Stars would be End Bobby Crockett, who caught the nine-yard pass for that first down, and Billy Guy Anderson, who threw it.

Later, amid the debris, a few other collegians caused some mild stimulation. Missouri Quarterback Gary Lane, on a rare occasion when Packer Defensive Ends Willie Davis and Lionel Aldridge let someone loose, scrambled 57 yards after looking for a pass receiver and not finding any. San Diego State's Gary Garrison caught two passes and threw one notable block. Jim Grabowski dug through the white Packer shirts twice for decent yardage and lugged a screen pass for 14. Otherwise, the Stars flew at half mast. Donny Anderson suffered a minor twist of his \$711,000 ankle. Tommy Nobis gave way to Tennessee's Frank Emanuel (SI, Aug. 8) at linebacker, and almost didn't get back in. And Heisman Trophy Winner Mike Garrett's best run was 27 yards with a flat pass—backward.

When it was over, the Packers had trouble finding something nice to say about their opponents. "We took a lot out of them early, and they just weren't themselves," said Willie Wood. "They aren't that bad," Bart Starr said kindly. "Our defense killed them pretty fast."

There was more to it than that, of course. Jim Grabowski put the game in focus when he said, "We sure have a lot to learn."

The same thing may not have occurred to the promoters, but to many thoughtful fans it seems clear that the All-Star game has outlived its time.

END

FOR 60 DAYS AND 60 NIGHTS

It was as though someone had mercifully pushed the right button on the great flood-control complex and the drought-ridden Everglades were saved. But the rain, in solving one problem, only created another **by JOHN O'REILLY**

Not so long ago (SI, June 7, 1965) rangers in Everglades National Park were trussing up alligators and looking for water holes in which to dump the big reptiles in order to keep them from frying in the drought. Now, just across the Tamiami Trail from the park, the section called Conservation Area No. 3 is nothing less than one huge water hole, and state game department men are trussing up deer and carting them to higher ground to keep them from drowning. The current plight of the deer herd (which before recent floods numbered 6,000 but has now been depleted by 1,000) following so closely the previous alligator emergency typifies the consequences of man's efforts to tame the Everglades. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent on dikes, canals, pumps and floodgates, but it is obvious that the flood-control effort has been made without the foresight necessary to prevent such dissimilar yet related tragedies.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, planner of the Rube Goldberg maze which the Everglades has become, is drawing off water as fast as it can to reduce the level in Area No. 3, but it is a slow process. Men of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, augmented by volunteer members of hunting clubs, are working long hours to get out what deer they can. But this, too, is a slow process, and it is feared more animals will be lost than saved. Airplanes, helicopters and airboats have been pressed into rescue service. Men in the air spot the deer and radio their whereabouts to the water crews, who go after them in the airboats. The whole process resembles some weird rodeo with aquatic wranglers in the roaring airboats bearing down on the deer with ready ropes.

The animals slog around in water that reaches three feet in depth, attempting to feed on the few projecting bushes. Then they seek dry hummocks of ground,

where they huddle until hunger sends them back for a swim. Those in the airboats overtake the deer and haul them aboard. Up to five animals are carried in one load, and they are released on dry ground outside the flooded area. As of last Saturday just over 200 deer had been taken out, but the rate of rescue was increasing as more men were put on the job.

This battle to save the deer is in direct contrast to the one fought so recently to protect other park animals. During four years of recurring drought, park personnel struggled to save not only alligators, but the birds, fish, shrimp and the plants and trees. There were grim scenes during those years, with animals writhing in soupy mud as they sought to devour each other. The earth cracked where water once stood several feet deep, and smoke-laden skies glowed red from the marching fires. The situation became aggravated in 1962 when, along the Tamiami Trail, the engineers closed the big gates they had installed as part of the vast flood-control complex.

A blow to the park, it was a boon to Area No. 3 on the other side. Some water came down through the system to create a perfect habitat for the deer, and the herd prospered. Water areas were festooned with lily pads, and stretches of higher ground provided browse. It was an ideal preserve, sheltered by miles and miles of dikes. But it had not been designed for that purpose—its primary use was as a flood-control basin—and the word Conservation in the title Conservation Area No. 3 originally had meant conservation of water, not deer. The deer were merely squatters.

As the drought worsened, the National Park Service carried its fight to Washington, demanding, begging, arguing that the park should get its share of water from the giant flood-control system. Finally Congress authorized another

study, a reevaluation of the project in relation to the water needs of the park. That study is due to be completed late next year, but even as it got under way, interim releases of some water into the park were arranged. These releases helped, but they were far less than the amounts that traditionally had flowed across the flat land.

Then the rains came. This year, in the months of June and July, 33 inches of rain fell on Everglades National Park. Similar amounts were falling over most of the area embraced by the Central and South Florida Flood Control District. Interim showers kept up for 60 days and 60 nights. The water in the various storage basins, including Area No. 3, began to rise, and 700 square miles of cropland south of Lake Okeechobee were deluged.

The engineers are now desperately getting rid of water as fast as they can. The amounts being flung out of the system by one means or another are staggering. Water is being run down the Caloosahatchee River to the Gulf of Mexico and through many canals to the Atlantic. The gates have been opened along the Tamiami Trail, and pouring through them is a steady flow of water such as the park people have only dreamed about. On July 28 a geological survey, an impartial study, found that 4,000 cubic feet of water a second—2,610,000,000 gallons a day—was moving into the park, enough to supply Miami for almost a month.

This bonanza, added to the amounts falling from the sky, caused a vast sheet of water to spread out over the park lands as it did in the days before man began draining the Everglades. It moved into the wide mangrove swamps, down the rivers and into Florida Bay, where it reddened the salt water with pigment it had picked up from the mangroves.

Across Florida Bay, on Key Largo, A. J. Mills, veteran shrimper who has

caught bait shrimp for thousands of fishermen, grinned when he heard that the "red water" was moving out of the Everglades into the bay. "That means we'll have a good run of shrimp next winter," he said. Biologists have found that this brackish water zone around the fringes of the Everglades is 1,000 times richer than either salt water or fresh water. It is this brackish zone and its abundant food chain that makes Florida Bay the rich fishing ground that it is.

Although some are cautious, all are hopeful that the restoration of the traditional flow will mean increased wildlife abundance in the near future. Some species, of course, will take longer than others to build up again. Everybody agrees, however, that the present condition will help tide the park over until the provisions of the current study are announced next year.

Across the Trail, state officials are seeking a permanent solution to their problem. Dr. Earl Frye, Director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, feels, along with other officials of the department, that Area No. 3 can be managed both as a hunting area for deer and as a flood-control basin. He says that a plan is underway to create deer ponds within the storage basin. Under this scheme the rock would be broken and bulldozed into hills. Then topsoil from adjacent areas would be spread over the tops of the hills so that browse and other plants would grow on top of them. Then, explains Dr. Frye, when the water rises the tops of the hills will remain exposed as islands.

Everyone concerned agrees that floods must be controlled and that were it not for the flood-control works the western suburbs of Miami would be flooded right now, but more and more individuals and organizations are demanding that these enormous projects be planned to protect wildlife and recreation areas as well.

Roger W. Allin, superintendent of Everglades National Park, thinks that the prospects for the park are brighter today than they have been for some years but warns that the long-term problems have not been solved.

"We are not alone concerned with the dedication of some acres of land or water," says Allin, "or with the preservation of trees and wildlife, or just the saving of open space. We are concerned with the conservation of man and his quality of life."

END



A water-going cowboy rescues a deer to get it on a boat and then to the safety of dry land



THE NEW BOY WONDER OF INTERNATIONAL RACING IS IDENTIFIABLE BY A TARTAN-STRIPED HELMET AND A NONSTOP VOICE

Within this decade a curious thing has happened to the world of Grand Prix automobile racing. The changing shape of race cars has dropped the drivers so deep inside that they have become all but invisible, as if the search for ultimate design had instead produced ultimate automation. And with invisibility has come silence. Jimmy Clark is a magnificent racing machine himself, but who really knows Jimmy Clark? Graham Hill, who looks like a riverboat gambler in flameproof coveralls, turns out to have a British reserve matched only by that blond Californian, Dan Gurney. And what do you hear lately from John Surtees and Jack Brabham? It would all

be very discouraging, except that the designers have suddenly met their match. The car has yet to be built that will hide Jackie Stewart.

If international motor racing is truly in desperate need of a new face and voice, there seems little doubt that that face and voice belong to this 27-year-old Scotsman with the hot-rod personality. In an extraordinarily short space of time Stewart has proved that he is a potential winner of any race—and also that he can make as much news when he loses as when he wins. At Indianapolis, driving in his first 500, Stewart held the lead with only 10 laps to go. He lost when his oil pressure failed, but he won enough

newspaper ink to float back to Scotland. At Monte Carlo it was Stewart who defeated the ranking Grand Prix drivers in the first world-championship race of the season. At Spa in Belgium it was Stewart who crashed most dramatically in a deluge of rain—and another vat or two of ink.

Stewart drives for British Racing Motors, whose No. 1 man for half a dozen years has been that same able but publicity-shy Graham Hill who won the Grand Prix title in 1962 and, of course, the 500 this year when Stewart's car failed to finish. Stewart is young. Stewart is ambitious. Stewart is not convinced that Graham Hill is the fastest BRM team



WHEN YOU'RE NO. 2 YOU DRIVE HARDER

Growing impatient as the understudy in a two-man Grand Prix team, Scotland's talented young Jackie Stewart has begun charging ahead to make headlines—win, lose or crash
by ROBERT DALEY

driver. Moreover, Stewart is not at all reluctant to shove his foot into the accelerator of a race car when all about him are easing up on theirs.

This quality of fearlessness, if that is the word, was evident at the Belgian Grand Prix in June. As the starter flourished his flag, the sky was dark but dry. The flag whipped down, and Jackie Stewart surged off the line, engine screaming. As the cars roared down into the valley below the starting line and then up the steep curving hill opposite, he was in second or third position, there was too much exhaust smoke boiling up to tell for sure.

Two minutes later and four miles

away, at a point halfway down the Masta Straight, a squall of rain came down. Stewart, making 150 mph—perhaps more—saw the squall ahead and did not lift his foot. Or if he did lift it, he did not lift enough.

In the rain Stewart could neither see nor steer. There was a centimeter of water between his tires and the road, the car was aquaplaning and it spun wildly round and round, hurtling down the road sideways, then backward at tremendous speed.

In the middle of the Masta Straight there is a kink, and when the out-of-control BRM reached this kink, it sailed off the road and began to hit

things. Both front wheels were torn off. The car walloped a low brick wall, staying in one side, battering Stewart in the cockpit and bathing him in gasoline. The car dropped nine feet into the bottom of a concrete driveway beside a barn, and there came to rest.

The storm moved on over the speeding race cars, embracing all of them, wrecking seven. Seven more got through, one the red 3-liter Ferrari of Surtees, which was to win this race easily, but at an average speed of only 114 mph. Meanwhile the rain pelted down on Stewart, who lay pinned for 15 minutes in his crushed car, up to his hips in gasoline, that part of him which was

continued

conscious terrified of fire. Hill and the American, Bob Bondurant, who had crashed closest to him, finally dragged Stewart out after unbolting his steering wheel and carried him into the barn. His skin was being scalded by the fuel, which is dosed with chemical additives, and even after Hill stripped off Stewart's fireproof coveralls Jackie was writhing with pain. They waited half an hour for the ambulance to find them. Later, as he lay naked on a table in the emergency rooms behind the pits (Jim Clark was there, and Stewart's wife, Helen, was blinking back tears), Stewart was still squirming from the burning liquid on his skin and begging two nurses to "wash me all over." Clearly he was lucky that the crash happened on the first lap, with nothing on the car very hot, and in the pouring rain.

Stewart also was lucky enough to emerge with only painful, not critical, injuries: various hairline bone fractures, bruised kidneys and surface chemical burns over much of his body. However, there clearly was no serious damage to his ambition or nerve. By July 16 he was well enough to enter the British Grand Prix. He followed that up with the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort on July 24.

In his return race Stewart was rolling in fourth place but retired with piston failure. In Holland he again was hit with "thick engine" but finished fourth behind Brabham, Hill and Clark.

It was a fair comeback, though Stewart's dream of becoming the youngest Grand Prix champion in the history of the sport is now almost certainly shattered. Brabham, having one of his best years and obviously driving the best car, one of his own design, has already accumulated enough points to virtually clinch the title for 1966.

Clark, the fellow Scot whom Stewart resembles in many ways, did not win a world-championship race until his third season, whereas Stewart, in his first season in Formula 1 cars in 1965, won the Italian Grand Prix, was second in three other Grand Prix and third in points behind Clark and Graham Hill on the season. Going on to Australia and New Zealand, Stewart got four firsts, a second and a fourth in eight races, breaking down the other two times, once while in the lead. Hill won two of these races (one of them with Stewart running second and not attempting to pass) and Clark only one. For whatever reason,

they simply were not able to stay with Stewart most of the time.

"Jackie's riding the crest of a wave," says Hill thoughtfully. "He's got a lot of confidence." Hill is in the peculiar position of being 10 years older, a former world champion, the titular leader of the two-man BRM team—and possibly not as fast as this new boy wonder.

All of the drivers will tell you that the five fastest—indeed, the only five really fast Grand Prix drivers—are Clark, Hill, Surtees, Gurney and Stewart. A year ago many drivers had never heard Stewart's name. Graham Hill thinks that Graham Hill is the fastest driver, although he has to be forced to say so. "Every driver thinks that," Hill says. "That's the whole point of racing, really, to prove you're best. If you don't believe it, then you're prepared for defeat, aren't you?"

Stewart says flatly, "Jimmy's fastest. The other four of us are about the same."

There is no hostility between Hill and Stewart. They seem fond of each other, and the older man looks after Stewart to some extent. And, of course, he probably saved Stewart's life in the Belgian crash. But three weeks before that, in Monte Carlo, Stewart won the race handily, and Hill, running third with a disintegrating clutch, was trying so hard to catch Stewart that he spun out and nearly crashed. Then came Indianapolis. Stewart, who had been leading by 21 seconds ("It was like taking sweets off the kids"), got a standing ovation when he pushed his broken car into the pits on the 191st of 200 laps; Hill was regarded as having merely lucked into victory. Stewart was named Rookie of the Year, even though Hill, the winner, was a rookie there, too.

Hill will tell you that he is BRM team leader, that if he and Stewart are in the lead in a race and there is a gap behind them he will slow down to save the car. Stewart will drop back behind him, and Hill will then win the race. But in fact this situation did occur in the Italian Grand Prix last year and Stewart did not drop back. "I didn't know what the hell to do out there," Stewart says—but he won the race. On the final lap Hill tried so hard to pass him that Hill momentarily lost control.

"This year," says Stewart, "we are equals, and I'm trying just as hard to win as Graham."

Hill himself has never been called a natural driver, which is what everyone

called Clark and is now calling Stewart. "Jackie is like me in one respect, I suppose," says Clark, "in that nobody ever had to teach him very much about driving a racing car. It came naturally."

Clark and Stewart both fell into top cars right at the start of their careers, whereas Hill's first four seasons were mostly spent driving dogs: "I had no money, no contacts." But he would hustle in every race. "Everyone could see I was trying, but when you're in a situation like that, nobody says you're a natural. The bloke in the lead is the natural."

It irks Hill that Clark and Stewart are called naturals, while he himself is called a pusher, or fiercely combative, or some such thing, as are Gurney and Surtees. "Jackie's got a good eye for the bobbies," says Hill. "That's a Scottish word. It means money." And again: "Mercenary is perhaps too strong a word for Jackie, but he knows his value. He's very astute, very ambitious. He's got an eye for publicity." Hill rarely seeks to merchandise himself, but Stewart brags about having made more money already than any other driver in equivalent time. "I don't know how he can be so sure of that," mutters Hill.

The aloofness of Hill keeps people at a distance, although once you break through to him he is, and has always been, funny and charming. The rest of the fast drivers, Clark, Surtees and Gurney, are similarly difficult to approach. But Stewart *always* has something to say.

About breaking down at Indianapolis when far in the lead: "I've worked it all out, and I've decided it wasn't important—it was only \$150,000."

About being compared to Jim Clark: "They used to talk about me as a new Jimmy Clark when I first started in Formula 1 last year. But they don't compare us anymore. They just talk about 'those two bloody Scots.'"

Stewart can talk about Indianapolis for an hour or more, vividly describing how he felt when the caution light went on halfway around the first lap: "I thought, 'Some clown has stuffed it into the wall!' When we came around, there were flags everywhere and garbage all over the road. I went looking for Jimmy, and he for me, and then we both went looking for Graham to see that he was all right." Later the turbulence at 180 mph loosened Stewart's goggles, so that he had to drive one-handed trying to tighten them. He described Clark spinning

continued



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out just in front of him. "I was making about 100 miles an hour, but he was, too, backward. The speed differential wasn't that much and it was like going by in slow motion, and I wagged my finger at him as if to say 'naughty, naughty.' You should have seen the expression on Jimmy's face."

Stewart believes firmly that the day of the European driver has dawned at Indianapolis, that the traditional dirty-fingernail-type Indy driver is finished there because such men lack sensitivity. They could drive the old roadsters, which were insensitive cars, simply on brute strength and bravery, all that such cars required. But it takes delicacy and finesse to drive the lighter, more responsive, more agile rear-engined European cars that have now come in. Such cars can be driven through corners on a variety of lines, instead of only one, and are agile enough to move in and around other cars in traffic. Stewart believes that Europe produces more intelligent drivers because the sport is so socially accepted there, high-class young men go into it. He feels that Indy must now work hard to acquire such an image. "The A. J. Foyts were good for American racing for a while, but they are hurting it now," Stewart says.

Stewart was born John Young Stewart on June 11, 1939, about 50 yards from the modest bungalow where he lives today, about 12 miles from Glasgow. His father owned a garage and auto agency. A dozen years ago an older brother, Jimmy, raced cars successfully, until two crashes, one at Le Mans and the other at Nürburgring, ruined one of his arms. When Jackie drifted into car racing in 1961 at the age of 21, it was under the nom de guerre of A. N. Other, because he did not want to upset his mother.

He had finished school at 15, but he did not stop learning. He worked for his father and learned the agency and garage business, and he incessantly interviewed people who knew the things he wanted to know himself.

From the age of 14, Stewart was also one of Britain's finest trapshooters. He was invited to join the Olympic team in 1964, but he had retired by then and could not fit it in because of racing commitments. Undoubtedly, all that trapshooting helped his racing. Graham Hill says it gave him "reactions, coordination, movements."

Stewart raced only four times in 1961, four times in 1962 and 23 times in 1963, when he won 14 races and set a lap record at Charterhall with a speed four mph faster than Jim Clark had ever made there. "It was obvious right away how good he was," says Colin Chapman, owner-designer of Lotus. "There were signs, the same as with any other good performance: consistency, his attitude, the speed with which he learned a circuit—and remembered it."

In March of 1964 Stewart was offered a test drive by Ken Tyrrell, who was running the official Cooper Formula III team. Bruce McLaren, a man with seven years of Grand Prix experience, was there. It was the first time Stewart had ever driven a single-seater car, a car "made to motor-race," as he put it, and he went quicker than McLaren, who until then "had been like a god" to him. Offers to drive poured in, and Stewart ran 53 races that year, winning 28. By Christmas he was driving a Lotus team car in the South African Rand Grand Prix, he won one heat and broke down as the other Dan Gurney, explaining Stewart's quick success, says, "He's raced a lot of miles. A lot of guys don't run in three years what he ran in one."

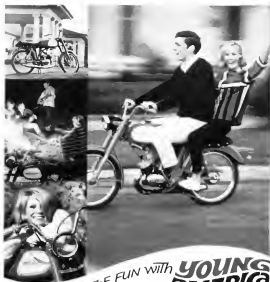
Stewart is slightly taller than Clark—5 feet 8"—has heavily muscled shoulders and weighs 154 pounds. He has a strong Scottish accent, whereas Clark has an upper-class British accent. Stewart has smallish eyes that crinkle into a winning smile but which, at other times, tend to make him look sleepy—which he is not. From the start he set a high price on his services, and when he recently rejected a contract offer from Dunlop Rubber, they wound up paying him two and a half times as much. He draws \$1,260 starting money per Grand Prix race ("I don't call that a very good deal, do you?"), but he gets retainers from Dunlop, Shell and BRM and makes his own deals for other races. He would not go to Indianapolis until John Mecom Jr. paid him heavily. "I don't care whether I race for John Mecom or the President of the United States," Stewart says. "I'm a professional, and I expect to be paid a fee, win or lose." He has taken over his father's business, has spread himself into five companies and now shares Clark's lawyer and accountant, crowing that these men no longer make the mistakes they probably made when they started with

continued

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Jimmy and that this will save Jackie Stewart plenty of money. Stewart won more than \$25,000 at Indianapolis and may earn as much as \$100,000 this year. "The way I see it, I'm a young businessman who is about to make a great deal of money," he says.

As for physical fearlessness, Stewart will tell you he hates racing on the Nurburgring, the 14-mile, 175-curve circuit through the Eifel mountains southwest of Bonn. "It's bloody terrifying," he says. "Take the Fuchsröhre. You go down there the first time in fourth gear, and you say to yourself that you ought to be able to do it in sixth gear flat out. So the next time around you go down that hill in sixth gear at 163 miles an hour, switching back and forth from one side of the road to the other, the trees and hedges going by in such a hurry that you can't see anything but greenery, and you think, my God, I'm going too fast; I'm not going to have enough time to do everything. The car is leaping about, and every time it leaves the ground you have to put a bit of a lock on so it will be pointing the right way when it comes down. And then in the dip at the bottom of the hill the G forces are tremendous. You're squashed down in your seat, the suspension isn't working and you realize that you can't control the car anymore. It is going to take its own line up the hill, and you wonder what that line will be, and you can't even get your foot off the accelerator and onto the brake accurately—you probably only get a corner of it. The car goes up that hill like on tram tracks and you can't steer it, and you wonder where it's going to go, all the time trying to come down two gears, get it slowed enough to get around the left-hand corner and then the right, left, right coming up next—I tell you it's bloody terrifying.

"But the second time you do it, you know that the line it's going to take up the hill is all right. Your mind and body are synchronized to elements you're competing against, and it is all clear to you—it seems to happen in slow motion. It's like a fighter who sees the punches coming in slow motion and so is able to avoid them.

"It won't terrify you again until the next year," says the new voice in Grand Prix racing, "when there have been some improvements on the car and tires and you go down there a little bit faster."

END

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RETURN OF THE LITTLEST TIGER

A prodigy at 12, Roberta Albers is one teen-age golfer who refuses to live in the past

by PAT RYAN

It was late afternoon, the summer heat was heavy and the only sound you could hear around the country club was the rhythmic plunk, plunk, plunk of tennis balls in the distance. Then Roberta Albers emptied a bag of golf balls on the practice tee, and soon there intruded another sound—click, click, click—as three-wood after three-wood arced out through the heavy Illinois air.

The scene was the Barrington Hills Country Club two days before the Women's Western Amateur championship last month, and Roberta Albers was at work long after the rest of the top women golfers in the country had called it a day. But that is not surprising, for she has always been different, and the difference now makes her one of the most interesting young women the game has seen in a long time.

Back seven years ago, when Arnold Palmer had won only one Masters and Jack Nicklaus was a sophomore at Ohio State, Roberta Albers was a famous golfer. Now she is 19, and hardly anybody has heard of her since those days when she was that little girl from Florida who was beating professionals at 12, winning the women's championship of Temple Terrace Golf and Country Club

A STICK SERVES FOR PRACTICE ON A PIER

so regularly that the club gave up the event, shooting a 68 from the men's tees and going to the semifinals of the National Amateur at 14. She was a golfing prodigy then, and this summer she has showed signs of becoming one again.

It seems that every women's tournament in the last few months has been won by a teen-ager so young that she has to sneak into the clubhouse powder room to smoke a cigarette, but the sudden fame that comes with upsetting the good older amateurs has a way of disappearing like the smoke traces. Rarely does a schoolgirl convince older competitors that she is a player seriously to be reckoned with, a golfer who may still be making headlines after her contemporaries have settled down to be Des Moines city champions. But that is how they talk about Roberta Albers.

"Roberta has tiger instincts," one of her opponents said recently. "She is tight and compact with everything—her thinking, swing and mental approach. You've never seen such concentration. She is thorough about every aspect of the game."

The women pros are reluctant to discuss her potential, but not because they don't recognize it. The United States Golf Association's amateur code is as strict as church law (before Vatican II), and an amateur whose name is even mentioned by a pro draws a frown of disapproval. It is only after a lengthy preface assuring you that Roberta has never shown the least interest in turning professional that LPGA Tournament Director Lenny Wirtz will admit he has been watching her progress closely for some time.

She has "a commercial swing," says Wirtz. "She plays the kind of game that would win a check on the pro tour just about every week. Roberta is not on the course for fun. She's out to win, and this fierceness and her size [she is only 5 feet 4] make her exciting. She is not a barrel of laughs, but this isn't a game for jokers. She is all business."

There is much about her that reminds one of another very determined golfer who didn't weather the world in smiles, Ben Hogan. Such an attitude seems to be better accepted in men, however, and many people have misinterpreted Ro-

berta's drive to succeed. But it is a trait that Marlene Bauer Hage, now a 32-year-old pro who 17 years ago was herself a teen-age phenomenon, recognizes and can explain: "Roberta is extremely quiet because of her desire to make good, and quite often such an attitude is misunderstood. The same thing happened to me. When I first started playing big-time golf my attitude was misconstrued as being defiant. I was quiet, too, but only because I was concentrating so hard in an effort to win. The public thought I was stuck-up."

Girls' golf is largely a game of flounce and fun. It has a kitty-cat quality to it that does not quite fit a Bauer or an Albers, who have that strain of tiger in them. Her opponents say Roberta never concedes a putt, which isn't exactly true, but putting is the weakest part of her game and she knows that not all gimme putts go in. They say she never tells anybody else, "Good shot." She denies it, and her coach backs her up. "Roberta told me I hit a good shot. It was three years ago," he says with a laugh. During her first practice round on a strange course she prefers to be alone so that she can think as she paces off yardages from pipe to barkless tree to green. "You can't turn concentration on and off," she says. "The first time I am on a course I can see it best if I am not disturbed." She plays no golf in the fall or winter and only occasionally in the spring, but she works on her game each night of the year by doing at least 50 fingertip push-ups and 12 deep knee bends and touching her toes 20 times. "My wrists are not big, and I need to build up my strength," she says. "I like to keep myself in good physical condition, though I think I may have become an exercise nut in the last two years." And of the accusation that might matter the most among her contemporaries, that she is a loner, she says, "I guess I'm not one of the group. People enjoy cutting me, most likely because I don't blend in. I like to work, and I like to see work pay off."

The need to excel, or as she puts it, "to do something until I'm good at it," is an essential part of her personality. "I have not learned to do a variety of things," she says, "because it takes so

continued

OT BARTMAN



A GLARE FOLLOWS AN ERRANT PUTT

much time to do even a few things well."

The thoroughness with which one small girl has been able to follow this demanding philosophy is somewhat dazzling. At 7 she learned to swim, and at 8 was practicing the breaststroke two hours a day. By the time she was 9 she had a tankful of trophies and a promising competitive swimming career. That was the birthday she received a set of golf clubs, however, and she decided she did not want to become expert at a sport in which you were washed up before you could wear high-heeled shoes.

When their tomboy daughter turned to golf, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Albers were not displeased—she might, after all, have decided to be a shortstop—but they also tried to balance her competitive interests by having her play the piano. So Roberta attained near-professional skill at that.

She earned a straight A record in high school, was valedictorian of her class of 400 and won a leadership award—the I-Dare-You medal—given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In 1964 she entered the University of Miami on a special scholarship underwritten by a university trustee who, on occasion, sponsors students showing an unusual combination of scholastic and athletic excellence. It was the only scholarship available to her, since the university has none for girl golfers. (Miami Athletic

Director Andy Gustafson went to the same man to try to get a scholarship for a football player and was told "football can take care of itself.") Now a junior, she has maintained an A average while specializing in economics, finance and business law, and could get an academic scholarship.

Most of all, however, Roberta has been a golfer. She began playing at 6 when she would go with her father, a Tampa Englehard salesman, to a public park to watch him practice iron shots. "I remember," says Roberta, "that he could hit the ball so far I couldn't see it. Then he would let me hit it, and we would pace off how far my ball went." It was not too long before Roberta could hit a wedge 70 paces, 70 of her paces, that is.

About this time her family moved from Tampa to nearby Temple Terrace, where they bought a home just across the street from the Temple Terrace club, which the Albers joined. It is a good club.

Walter Hagen and Jim Barnes used to play there back in the '20s—and Roberta soon had herself a course within a course. She would come home from school, drop her third-grade reader on the piano, pick up some cut-down wooden-shafted clubs that her father had given her and set off for "a round," which consisted of playing from the 4th through the 7th hole. She considered it a success

if she could keep her score on each hole down to a single figure.

Soon the Albers family was thinking how nice it was that little Roberta was having so much fun playing golf. But things got more complicated. When she was 10 she was entered by accident in a boys' tournament in Sebring, Fla. The tournament committee, which had carefully corrected her entry from Roberta to Robert, was surprised to find that the "a" belonged on her name, and good-naturedly permitted her to play. She shot a 45 for the nine holes and won in her age group. The following year her father received a letter from the committee saying thanks just the same, but she could not defend her title.

Club members at Temple Terrace remember her well from that period. "She had peglegs," one recalls, "and her nose was always peeling, and she had this T shirt marked Temple Terrace Jaycees. She stood maybe 4 feet 3, and her elbows poked out everywhere. She was always on the putting green gambling against teen-age boys, and you can bet that she wasn't losing." The stakes were wooden tees, and Roberta remembers these lessons in pressure golf. "Those tees weren't free," she says. "They cost a penny apiece. The pink and blue ones were worth more. We bet them on long puts." Today tees are free for Roberta, but she will still dig around in boxes at pro shops looking for pink and blue ones.

At 11 she shot her first hole in one on the 163-yard 15th at Temple Terrace—and won her second national Pee Wee golf championship, a title she was to take five times in six years. Then, at 12 and 13, she won her club's women's championship, a competition that was subsequently dropped on the understandable grounds that Roberta was too much for the older ladies to handle. In 1960 she played in exhibitions with people like the four-time U.S. Open champion, Betsy Rawls, and she competed in one open tournament in which she beat some of the more famous women pros.

She played in her first National Amateur in 1961 at Tacoma, Wash., where each morning she ate a breakfast of waffles topped with strawberries and whipped cream and gained eight pounds.

In the first round she beat a Portland, Ore. student 5 and 4. Nothing surprising in that. The next day she met the Tacoma City champion and eliminated her after 15 holes. She learned something

TED LECOMPTE, THE SIOUX WHO COACHES HER, ACCOMPANIES ROBERTA TO PRACTICE





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that day, as well. On one hole her opponent skulled a ball out of a trap. It flew over the green and hit Roberta's caddy, whereupon the lady, correctly, claimed the hole. Roberta unzipped her golf bag, pulled out her rule book, checked it, slapped it back in the bag and walked off to the next tee. She was now being called the Tampa Tiger but there was obviously another tiger in Tacoma, too.

Anne Quast Wells, the eventual winner of that Amateur and now a three-time national champion, marveled at Roberta. "She's at that wonderful stage where it never occurs to her all the horrible things that can happen on a golf course." It was true, "I was on cloud 3," Roberta says today, "not cloud 9. Everyone else is on that," she adds laughing.

In the quarter-finals Roberta played 36-year-old Mary Pat Janssen. "All Roberta has to think about is her golf and her stomach," said a rightfully worried Miss Janssen. Roberta beat her 5 and 4, and the next day won again to become the youngest semifinalist in the tournament's history. She recalls thinking that night, "I'm playing with the big girls now, I could get beat." It was, she says, "the first time I ever doubted my ability." When she lost to Tash Preuss on the 17th hole the next day her tournament was over, but the doubt lingered on. She began to lose her confidence. Peggy Conley and Jan Ferraris, the other two fine golfers her age, had been scrapping their way to the top, and they had learned how to scramble to stay alive. It was something Roberta had never been forced to do. "It would drive me nuts," she says, "to know I was hitting the ball better and hitting more greens, while they would be all over the park but still get down to halve a hole. I had started on top and was getting knocked down a little bit farther each tournament, while they just kept working their way up."

Roberta might now be an ex-golfer but for her own determination and a Sioux Indian named Ted LeCompte, who had been a good friend of Babe Zaharias'. A veteran with 100% disability from World War II, LeCompte spends his winters around Temple Terrace playing golf and coaching anyone who might ask him for advice. He once thought of being a golf pro, and he teaches better than a lot of them.

When Roberta's game went sour, LeCompte began to coach her. He tried to reassure her by telling her over and over

continued

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LITTLEST TIGER continued

again that she could depend on her swing. As one golf writer said recently, "If you took all the instruction manuals and arrived at a composite perfect swing, it would be Roberta's." It is a swing to envy, and it was as good then as it is now.

"I kept hearing Ted and my father say this, but it never penetrated," Roberta says. "I thought they were telling me my swing was good because they were my father and friend. Every time I missed a shot, it would get to me."

"When youngsters are 14 or 15 they suddenly realize that golf is hard," says LeCompte. "But they still don't realize they are human, that they will make mistakes. It takes time to learn to control yourself. Roberta needed to understand that she was going to miss five or six shots in a round. She had to convince herself she could still play and win even if she missed them."

For three years she did not win a noteworthy tournament, though each summer was completely devoted to golf. "I looked forward to summer, yet I dreaded it," she says now. "I would get on the first tee and freeze."

Her grandfather, Grubio Bottari, a Tampa dermatologist, became concerned about the hours she was spending in the sun and told her she must always wear a hat. She does, faithfully, and her forehead remains white long after the rest of her face is tanned. Her hats, in fact, have become a fetish. She has 10 of them, which she carries through the summer in a paper box. "I used to buy one at every tournament, but I would never wear a new hat until the following week," she says. "I had this feeling that if I wore it right away I would lose. Everything was so mental with me."

She planned to be a government student when she enrolled at Miami—having given up a whimsical notion that she wanted to be a veterinarian—but an accounting course got her interested in business school, and her endless string of A's has followed. Her life is in part summed up by the two magazines she subscribes to: *Golf World* and *Business Week*. "I don't think Roberta will ever turn professional," a USGA official said recently. "She will make more money in a few years as a stockbroker than Mickey Wright will earn in her whole career."

Perhaps, but this fails to reckon with the fact that Roberta Albers wants something back for her signs of getting it. She

continued

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LITTEST TIGER *continued*

has hardly been home to Temple Terrace this year, moving from one big tournament to the next and giving increasing indications that she is at last going to be able to win with her picture swing.

Her activities in recent weeks show much of what she is, a combination of unsophisticated child and wary adult. They include 1) having her first haircut by a man, 2) eating her first Chinese meal ("Ugh"), 3) acquiring a copy of *American Opinion*, the magazine of the John Birch Society, and 4) sailing a boat for the first time. Conservative with money, of necessity, she estimates her eight weeks of tournament play will cost her about \$500, including entry fees. She can tell you the student rate by air from Fort Smith, Ark. to Columbus, Ohio, knows the price of an automobile probably better than its owner and has figured out that you can get more laundry done for 25¢ in one kind of laundromat than you can in another.

But, above all, she has won a major golf tournament, the Trans-Mississippi. The night before she left Florida she worked out a new putting stance with LeCompte. She sets her feet wide apart and chokes down on the putter. The new technique gave her confidence about her putting, something she has not had in five years.

In the final match of the Trans-Mississippi she came up against exactly the kind of personality that she understands least, happy-go-lucky Peggy Conley. Like Roberta, Peggy is 19, but if one is the Tampa Tiger, the other is Pool Bear. In 1964 Peggy had made the U.S. Curtis Cup team, and last year she had beaten Roberta in the Western Amateur when Roberta missed a two-foot putt.

Roberta takes unnecessary risks on a golf course, as most young players do, and at the end of 27 holes in the Trans-Mississippi she had gambled herself into being three holes down. "I told myself to forget all about Peggy Conley," she says, "to just play the last nine holes in *par*, and never mind how I got them." She did, shooting seven pars, a birdie and a bogey to win 1 up. She had not played her best golf, by far, but she had come from behind, she had scrambled back after bad shots and she had found out that that is how you win. It is a lesson one can be a long time learning, but if she has really mastered it the Tampa Tiger is on the loose again. **END**

7

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PEOPLE

While Charles de Gaulle kept the rest of the country under his thumb, French Premier **Georges Pompidou**, supposedly on holiday, put his big toe to work (he *feels*) and perversely dribbled a soccer ball through the Breton surf under chill and leaden skies. It had to mean something, but what? Best guess from on-the-spot analysts: since France had exited ignominiously from the just-finished World Cup matches, here was the country's secret weapon for the 1970 competition already in the works.

Never having finished high school, Kansas City infielder **Edwin Douglas Charles**, a poet at heart, spent 12 seasons in professional baseball but finally got back to studies two years ago at Central Missouri State College. "His early work in English composition struck me as being more like greeting-card verse than poetry," says a former instructor, "but Ed has since become less dogmatic and preachy, and his imagery has improved. He has a long way to go, but he'll get there because of his drive to do so." That's what Charles himself was thinking the other day when he revealed he is currently putting together a collec-

tion of his works which he soon hopes to publish.

"In the beginning I was a very good member—I did my homework and contributed the way I was supposed to. But in the last few months it got to be a little more than I could handle." So saying, Actress **Janet Leigh**, outdoorsy and politics-minded, stepped down as one of California's recreation commissioners after two years. "I accepted her resignation with regret," said Governor Pat Brown. "She was an excellent commissioner."

Himself an old canvassack knocked silly seven times in 17 bantamweight bouts, Movie Toughie **George Raft** was signed on to stage a between-rounds commentary of the Clay-London heavyweight championship for closed-circuit TV in the British Isles. Though Raft felt bound to report with impartiality, he had to admit that he and Brins London were not cut from the same cloth. "All I know about Brins," said the man who nowadays is the resident host of a chichi den of gambling and booze in London, "is that he's a clean-living boy who goes to bed at 9:30 every night."

"I'll take that, sir," said the Delta Airline stewardess to Pittsburgh Baseball Broadcaster **Bob Prince**. "Nothing doing," said Prince, tugging back on his tape recorder. "I handle this thing more carefully than a bomb." Up! Here came the police and the FBI, off went the plane with everybody else, and for two hours Prince, ordinarily pretty handy with words, sought to explain himself. How had it gone? Lamely. "I told them I use the word 'bomb' on the air all the time—'bomb the other club,' that sort of thing," he said later. "I guess the stewardess did the right thing."

The winning image he hoped to create, said patroness Gentleman Farmer **Raymond K. Guest** (right) when appointed Ambas-

sador to Ireland, was that of "the kind of American you would like to see in your country." Whatever else may be entailed in that vague ideal, Guest made good progress toward its fulfillment last week when, to the satisfaction of the horse-fancying Irish, he honorably earned a first prize in the demanding Royal Dublin Society horse show. Longtime polester that he is, Guest had not ridden competitively in more than 25 years and had spent only three weeks brushing up. But he was making no plans to follow the circuit. Rather, he and Shaun, his Irish-bred gray with whom he had won, would merely remain together at the embassy in the interest of mutual exercise.

Considering that the fescue sod on the practice field had been transplanted from a nearby pasture owned by **Billy Graham** (purchase price: free and best wishes), it was only natural for neighbor Graham to drop in on Coach Norb Hecker at the Atlanta Falcons' summer training camp in Block Mountain, N.C. And while all those head-knockers were being careful to hold their tongues, the evangelist, remembering that a preacher's

presence is indeed an inhibiting thing, recalled a golf game in which he and Industrialist **Billy Reynolds** played then President-elect John Kennedy and Senator George Smithers. "On the 18th," said Billy, "I sank a 40-foot putt—the longest putt I've ever made—to win the match. Just as the ball dropped in, Reynolds shouted: 'I won \$40 on that putt!' " With that, said Graham, loser Kennedy stepped up to him and manfully explained: "Of course, Mr. Reynolds is putting the \$40 in the collection plate on Sunday."

To tradition-minded, live-alone-and-like-it regulars of Martha's Vineyard, last week's news was nearly perfect. An experimental hydrofoil ferry had gone on the frize and was out of service, and a proposed bridge to connect the resort island to the Massachusetts mainland had been roundly assailed by vacationing **Stewart Udall**. "An island should be an island!" declared the U.S. Secretary of the Interior to happy applause. "I can't think of anything that would destroy Martha's Vineyard more than a bridge, so let's have no more such talk!" he concluded, and carried the day.



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A mischievous bid foments a fiasco

You may remember that word game everybody was playing called Swifties. One of my favorites was: "Bridge isn't what it used to be," the old lady said whistfully. "The line is not only amusing, it is true, but I must say that every now and then something 'new' happens that was also new when it happened 30 years ago."

For example, in the early days of contract bridge a rash of deceptive bids made the game more hazardous than poker. One of these was known as the switch bid. A player would bid a suit in which he had no strength, hoping to entice his opponents into a no-trump contract. If he was on lead, he would then produce the real suit in which he had

enough solid tricks to constitute a good defense. He did not mind risking a double in his bluff bid. If that happened, he would simply retreat to his genuine suit, knowing he could not be set badly.

The same maneuver is still seen occasionally, and the fact that it sometimes succeeds is well illustrated in this hand from the World Pair championship at Amsterdam which the Lebanese pair of Henri Dalasi and Fady Bustros played against B. Jay Becker and Mrs. Dorothy Hayden of the U.S.

West was afraid that his opponents had game in one of the minor suits, so he decided to toss some sand into the machinery with a switch bid of two clubs. This is not a normal tactic on such a hand, but as Bustros held the ranking suit and little of defensive worth he thought that the bid could do no harm. Actually it succeeded beyond anybody's expectations, for Becker failed to double and expose the switch bid. He thereby set the scene for a monumental misunderstanding.

When Mrs. Hayden found enough strength in clubs to bid two no trump, Becker realized that Bustros was pulling a fast one. He made what he thought was the natural bid of six clubs, with the intention of playing there. Mrs. Hayden, unfortunately, read this as some sort of space-age cue bid. North must be short in hearts and clubs, she reasoned, and was thus marked with spades. She accordingly bid six spades, highly satisfied that the partnership had at last found its best suit.

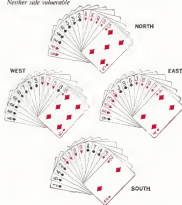
West was far too delighted at this turn of events to double, but Becker felt that his spade holding was hardly the sort to warrant playing a slam in that suit, so he improved matters somewhat by taking out to six no trump.

Had South not been the first to mention no trump, the six-no-trump contract might have yielded a top score. East was unlikely to lead a spade on the auction, and the defense would have had discarding problems in the minor suits. But with West on lead the contract was hardly a success, though Bustros was sorely disappointed that he could not run the first eight tricks in spades.

At other tables West came in with a high preemptive bid in spades, and the final contract was six clubs by North, which could be made by careful play. But that was hardly as exciting as the Becker-Hayden fiasco provoked by the old switch bid.

END

North dealer
Neither side vulnerable



NORTH (Becker)	EAST (Dalasi)	SOUTH (Mrs. Hayden)	WEST (Bustros)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♣	2 ♣
2 ♠	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: ace of spades

Courtly confusion at Copenhagen

The glamour of kings and princes compensated for mix-ups at the Royal Yacht Club birthday party

In the history of European yachting there has never been anything like it. The 100th anniversary of the Royal Danish Yacht Club celebrated at Copenhagen last week was a magnificent spectacle, the largest fleet of its kind ever assembled, with everything in the way of color, crowds, weather, pretty girls and parties—and sailing misadventures—to make it unforgettable.

"This thing's been a bit of a disaster," said a veteran observer, studying the program. The program was an exhaustive, beautifully printed document with instructions in both English and

Danish. The only trouble was that the instructions were different in each language. In a Dragon-class race the English-reading sailors went one way, the Danish-reading sailors went another, neatly dividing the fleet. At first the furious officials disqualified all of the yachts for having taken the wrong course, only to wash out the races altogether once they discovered that the instructions were wrong.

Racing skippers, a josty group as a whole, are seldom inclined to enjoy spectacles, but as a spectacle the centennial was unsurpassed. There were days such as Denes rarely see, with a sun that warmed but did not burn, and visibility that made Sweden, five miles away across the sound, seem almost touchable. There were the huge, square-rigged training ships—*Danmark*, *Christian Rudolph*, *Georg Stage*—reviewed by the King of Denmark from his white motor yacht. The big ocean racers came in from the Transatlantic Race from Bermuda, led by Huey Long's *Oxfor*, winner for the second straight time. There were small yachts, as small as Snipes, Finns and O.K. dinghies (13 feet), middle-sized Dragons and the larger 5.5-meters—800 boats in 20 classes, from Russia, California, Texas, South Africa, the Bahamas, Brazil, Morocco, India, Hong Kong. It was as though every sailboat from every corner of the world had suddenly drained

into the string of tiny artificial ports that lie north of Copenhagen.

King Olav of Norway was there, with his 5.5-meter *Nurra X*. So was his son, Crown Prince Harald, with his *Fraen III*. King Constantine of Greece strolled around the docks before sailing his Dragon class *Protefi*. King Olav did not stroll, he fell on a slippery deck and thereafter hobbled around on crutches. There was so much royalty strolling or hobbling around the docks before each race that, as at a movie premiere, picking out names was more interesting than the show itself. You heard such nautical conversation as this:

"Ah, look, it's Constantine!"

"No, it's Harald. That's a Norwegian flag on his boat."

"Who's that majestic one in the white cap?"

"That's a policeman."

More than the Transatlantic Race, more than the 5.5-meter championship and the Dragon-class world championship, the One-Ton series was considered the most important in the centennial celebration. Competition for the cup goes back to 1899, and for many years six-meter yachts competed for it. Nowadays the six-meter class is about as popular as the one-piece bathing suit, and the cup has languished. Revived in 1965, the One-Ton is raced on a boat-to-boat basis, like the races for the America's Cup, but in these small ocean races the only thing the One-Ton boats have in common is their rating (22 feet or less).

One reason why the One-Ton series was so important at the centennial was that the Danish skipper, Hans Albrecht, was defending his title. The caliber of competition he faced also had something to do with it. Ted Hood, the king of sailmakers, with newly designed *Robin*. Sir Max Arken, the son of Lord Beaverbrook, with *Rosendalaw*. Dick Carter, a budding genius, who designed and steered *Edward Stettinius' Trine* (which won). The Americans also won the 290-mile race from Elsinore to the northern tip of Denmark with the 72-foot ketch *Tacoma*.

But the distance races were only a prelude. The spectacle began when the small boats, looking like conflicts, descended on the sound. It was a day of small, fluffy clouds that belonged more to the trade winds than to the North Sea. A faultless breeze was blowing off the land and all across the sparkling course the spotless Dragons with brightly varnished hulls



EMBARRASSED KING CONSTANTINE (FAR RIGHT) DODGES PAST ONRUSHING DRAGONS

tacked and tacked and tacked again. A yellow buoy-mounted flag, the first mark, lay ahead under the Danish coast. Bobby Mosbacher, a brother of the more famous Bus Mosbacher and a first-rate sailor in his own right, lay in the lead. Behind him, in a duel as hot as the cold war, was a Russian boat. Far behind these two came a horde of Dragons, among them King Constantine of Greece.

There are really only two ironclad equalizers, death and sailing. A king racing a sailboat can be pitted against a commoner on equal terms: the rules say that a boat which is in the right is right no matter who or what her skipper may be. As the Dragons approached the mark behind Mosbacher and the Russian, it was obvious that Constantine, monarch or not, was going to get his. Under sailing rules he was required to give way to the boats surrounding him, even though it meant losing several places he could not afford to lose. Royalty being as hard pressed as it is these days, the other boats might have courteously parted and allowed Constantine to round the buoy first and go about his business. Entering a bar, perhaps, a lesser skipper might let His Majesty through the door first. But not in sailing. In sailing it is just, "Get out of there!" or, "Look out, you!" no matter what the skipper's rank.

The other Dragon skippers did not give a coat of varnish to the King. They forced him around the mark on the wrong side, made him jibe, tack and then thread his way embarrassingly through another flock of onrushing boats. Of course, the King, who is an excellent sailor, had no one to blame but himself for his predicament and took his beating gracefully.

It was not always so when the championships began to go awry. As it was, a Dragon named *Willow* owned by G. S. Friedrichs Jr. of New Orleans became the first American ever to win the European championships, while four-time gold medal winner Paul Elvstrom salvaged Danish pride by winning four races in a row in the 5.5-meter world championships. Still, the centennial seemed to hop one, skip one, and not even the setting, the bikinis, the beer and black-tie parties could quite offset those misleading sailing directions, poorly run races, misplaced marks, midrace course changes and races canceled for no apparent reason. The celebration was, in fact, too much of a celebration to be much of anything else.

END

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The long, long season could be too long

Tired ballplayers are grumbling about a schedule that is forcing them to play under seemingly absurd conditions, while even in the game's normally shortsighted higher councils there is evidence of unrest

It should be interesting to see where baseball history ranks the words spoken last week by William C. Bartholomay, the chairman of the board of the Atlanta Braves. Obviously, they will not immediately earn a spot in a batting order that already embraces Ford Frick's "It's a league matter," Warren Giles's "The National League does not need New York," Leo Durocher's "Nice guys finish fast" and Pitcher Frank Sullivan's "I'm in the twilight of a mediocre career." But Bartholomay's statement certainly gets him into the on-dock circle. "It's about time," he said, "that baseball does something for the fans."

The last thing Bartholomay did for the fans, you may recall, he did for those in Milwaukee. His pronouncement came after Willie Mays, normally one of the game's most conciliated employees, challenged the right of owners like Bartholomay to schedule split doubleheaders. The split doubleheader is an old money-grabbing device perfected by Branch Rickey when that Edison of the S.R.O. was in Brooklyn, and it is currently undergoing a disputed revival in Atlanta, Houston and Minneapolis-St. Paul. The ground rules call for one game in the afternoon and another at night, separated by several hours of time and an extra admission.

Angered at having had to play a "splitter" after a rain-delayed game the night before, Mays said, "We went to the park about 10:30 in the morning and did not leave until midnight. That's just too long, with travel conditions the way they are now. It's too hard on ballplayers. Owners should think about the players more often." Gazing starry-eyed at the attendance figures of 30,000 and 46,000, Bartholomay said, "It seems obvious that the fans like split doubleheaders.

In this weather I don't think it would be fair to the fans or the players to ask them to go through two straight games on a hot afternoon. If the fans want it, that's what we ought to do."

Mays vs. Bartholomay marks only one incident that has come boiling to the surface in a current scheduling crisis in which players are openly grumbling and owners and leagues are at odds with each other. When baseball completed its expansion to two 10-team leagues back in 1962 it adopted the 162-game schedule; as a result, the baseball world today resembles the puppy who kept chasing the car until he finally caught it. Consider these recent situations:

- The Baltimore Orioles came home last Friday night after a six-game road trip and, in two nights, played before some 40,000 Oriole-happy fans against the Washington Senators. Then the team was scheduled to go right back on the road for six more days, only to return home this Saturday night for a one-game home stand against—yep—the Washington Senators. Then the Orioles go away again for eight days.

- To stuff 162 games into the season six National League teams are regularly forced to make one trip a year that involves playing a game on the West Coast, flying that night to Houston for a series, then flying back to the Coast, again at night. Physically exhausted, the teams returning to play either the Los Angeles Dodgers or San Francisco Giants have compiled a record of 28-43 in a league that prides itself on its competitive balance.

- In order to take full advantage of the three-day Memorial Day weekend, the Philadelphia Phils and New York Mets played Sunday games in San Francisco and Los Angeles, then flew back to New

York to meet in a Monday doubleheader. Arriving at 3 a.m., they staggered to bed and, upon arising, were rewarded with the information that they would not have to take batting practice that day. But the 47,000 people who showed up at Shea Stadium were also rewarded with no batting practice. To many fans, particularly youngsters, batting practice is an exciting exhibit in baseball's side-show.

- The Boston Red Sox—and not because of rainouts—played 12 games in eight days early in July, and they played them in Chicago, Boston, New York and then back in Boston. Had the Sox been capable of rising to contention this year, the whole scheduling problem might have been brought into embarrassing focus right then and there. Incongruously, under this year's schedule, the Red Sox finish the season five days before anyone else.

When a schedule produces two consecutive short home stands against the same opponent, disadvantageous playing conditions for certain teams, a dilution in the quality of performances and public disappointment, quite obviously something is wrong.

Currently there are several owners within the American League who want a shortened schedule, and a three-man committee has been quietly formed to consider the possibilities. Their findings will be presented at the major league meetings in Pittsburgh the first week in December. Those who favor reducing the schedule are thinking in terms of either 144 or 153 games to counteract growing public disenchantment with the length of the season. The National League, on the other hand, is happy with things just the way they are, and the reasons are obvious. Those yearly

four-, five- or even six-team pennant fights keep interest alive right to the end of the season. Unlike the American League, the National also has the attendance stimulant of six new parks in the last seven years.

There are some people, however, who believe that what baseball schedules need is not merely a cutback in the number of games or a change in the opening and closing dates of a season. The time has come, they say, for interleague play, and they point to attendance figures of mid-season exhibition games that are played in many cities for charity. This year, for example, the White Sox played the Cubs before 47,000 in Chicago, the Mets played the Yankees before 56,000 in New York, the Pirates drew 34,000 in Cleveland and the Orioles 21,000 in Philadelphia. People in Cleveland, say the interleague proponents, should be allowed to see Willie Mays in something besides a TV commercial, and all Philadelphia would go wild over Brooks Robinson—doesn't everyone? Further, why let all those natural built-in rivalries (Mets-Yanks, Dodgers-Angels, Cubs-White Sox, Phillies-Orioles, Braves-Red Sox) go to waste?

An interleague schedule, extending from mid-June to mid-July, was drawn up by the American League in 1963 and offered to the National for consideration. Now Joe Cronin, the American League president, is trying again to push for interleague play but, as he said the other day, "the National League has not evinced much interest in it." Granted, the American League is far behind the National in attendance, and this hurts its argument ("We'd rather see Houston or the Mets," says the National League, "than bring Kansas City or Washington into town"). It is obvious that if Dodger fans went out to see the Senators it would be more than a minor miracle. Yet the prospect of the Orioles or Twins playing in San Francisco is a compensation, to say the least.

There is no doubt that the public would like to see interleague play in some form or other and, although consideration for its fans has never influenced baseball as much as one might suppose, the game is in no position to leave potential gold mines lying untapped forever. It is time that baseball got out its shovel and began to dig—and there is no better place to start than the interleague schedule.

END

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PART I

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT



\$1 A MINUTE

WRESTLE THE BEAR

He fought a bear—and a lot more—in his youth. Still fearless, America's No. 1 college coach begins here the remarkably candid story of his turbulent rise to fame

FOOTBALL

by PAUL BRYANT with JOHN UNDERWOOD

CONTINUED

I KNOW I'VE BEEN MOTIVATED ALL MY LIFE

Bear Bryant (see cover) is the most successful and controversial college football coach in the nation. His Alabama teams—aggressive on offense, ferocious on defense and conditioned in the boot camp that Bryant calls a practice field—have been national champions three of the last five years, have appeared in a bowl game in each of the last seven and, since Bryant arrived eight years ago, have won 69 games, lost 12 and tied six. Over a span of 21 years Bryant-coached teams at Maryland, Kentucky, Texas A&M and Alabama have won 160, lost 51 and tied 14. Born Sept. 11, 1913 in Kingsland, Ark., Bryant was an All-State football player at Fordyce High

School and a three-year starter at Alabama, where he graduated in January of 1939. After naval service, he was named head coach at Maryland in 1945 and took the Terrapins to six wins in nine games that fall before moving on to Kentucky. In eight years under Bryant, Kentucky won 60, lost 23 and tied five, won three of four bowl games and a Southeastern Conference championship. Bryant went to Texas A&M in 1954 and coached the Aggies to a Southwest Conference title and, despite a disastrous first season, a 25-14-2 record in four years. He returned to Alabama in 1958—and in the last few years frequently has been urged to run for governor.

A lot of coaches want to know how you motivate a football team, how you make winners out of chronic losers. In one way or another everything I've done most of my life has been wrapped up in that question, but if I knew I wouldn't tell coaches that. I would tell them about my first season at Texas A&M. I never had a season like it. We lost nine games, and everybody was on us, and it was a matter of picking up the paper today and reading something a little bit nastier than what had been in there the day before. Talk about gut checks. We'd taken the team down to Junction to find out right off who the players were and who the quitters were, and the quitters had outnumbered the players three to one. I remember Mickey Henshaw had come down to Junction for his paper, *The Houston Post*. Said his boss heard there was dissension on the squad, and he came to find out about it. I said, "Now, son, are you going to quote me on this?" He said, "Yessir." I said, "Well, you call your boss, and tell him I said if there isn't any dissension now there's damn sure going to be in a hurry, and I'm going to cause it." And he wrote it that way.

Anyway, eventually we got down to the end of the season and were getting ready to play SMU. The kids we had left then had been playing their hearts out every week, and every week I was afraid they were going to throw in. But they were hanging in there all the time, losing games by a point or two or a touchdown, and all the time winning the people and certainly winning me. Well,

they'd been dead all week in practice before the SMU game, and I wondered, what could we do? What could we do? I'd run out of ways to motivate them. Elmer Smith, one of my assistants, said he remembered one time when he was playing for Ivan Grove at Hendrix College. Grove woke him up at midnight and read him something about how a mustard seed could move a mountain if you believed in it, something Norman Vincent Peale, or somebody, had written in a little pamphlet. It impressed me.

I didn't tell a soul. At 12 o'clock on Thursday night I called everyone on my staff and told them to meet me at the dormitory at 1 o'clock. When they got there, I said, O.K., go get the boys real quick, and they went around shaking them, and the boys came stumbling in there, rubbing their eyes, thinking I'd finally lost my mind. And I read 'em that little thing about the mustard seed—just three sentences—turned around and walked out. Well, you never know if you are doing right or wrong, but we went out and played the best game we'd played all year. SMU should have beaten us by 40 points, but they were lucky to win 6-3.

Several years after that, Darrell Royal called me from Texas. He was undefeated, going to play Rice and worried to death. Said he'd never been in that position before, undefeated and all, and his boys were lazy and fatheaded, and he wanted to know what to do about it. I said, "Well, Darrell, there's no set way to motivate a team, and the way I do it

may be opposite to your way, but I can tell you a story." And I gave him that thing about the mustard seed. He said, by golly, he'd try it.

Well, I don't know whether he did or not, but I remember the first thing I wanted to do Sunday morning was get that paper and see how Texas made out. Rice beat them 34-7.

So if you ask me what motivates a team, what makes them suck up their guts when the going is tough, I'll tell you I don't have the answer, but I know for myself I've been motivated all my life. When we were losing at A&M—and I never doubted we would win with the boys we had left, never doubted that—the losing just made me get up a little earlier to get started the next day.

I still get up at 5 o'clock. At Alabama one morning at 7, I placed a call from my office to Shug Jordan or somebody at Auburn, and the girl said nobody was in yet. I said, "What's the matter, honey, don't your people take football seriously?" Everybody thought that was a nice joke, but I meant it.

At Kentucky I was always so keyed up I didn't know what it was to get to work in the morning without having to stop and vomit along the way. I've had some terrible gut checks, too, I'll tell you, and I've cried, literally cried like a baby, over some things. I cried from Houston all the way to College Station the night they put us on probation at A&M. I had to fire the best athlete I ever saw, Joe Namath, with two games to play at Alabama in 1963, both games on national television,

and I cried over that. I cried like a big fat baby when I got up there in front of those Aggie players to tell them I was leaving to go to Alabama. And in private I've cried out of plain madness over the dirtiest journalism I've ever seen, when I had to defend myself and my program and my boys against the worst kind of lies.

But football has never been just a game to me. Never. I knew it from the time it got me out of Moro Bottom, Ark.—and that's one of the things that motivated me, that fear of going back to plowing and driving those mules and chopping cotton for 50¢ a day. I remember that first year I was coaching at Kentucky and we were trying to determine which boys the game meant a lot to. It was difficult, because so many were just coming out of the service. That first year we played and beat Cincinnati, which had beaten Indiana—the Big Ten champion the year before—and I didn't know how a team was supposed to act before a game. But I knew this bunch was really fired up, really motivated. I looked around the room, and I had a kid in there who had been a prisoner of war for about three years and another who had fought on Iwo Jima, and I got to thinking about it, looking around, and I said to myself, hell, here are all these guys and me who never fought anybody, and I know if they can get so emotionally worked up over a game of football after what they've been through, then football must be something pretty good.

I believe that football can teach you to sacrifice, to discipline yourself. Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech has been quoted as saying some supertough coaches have found they can take a group of lesser boys, an inferior team, and beat a superior team by supertough conditioning. He's right about that, and I'm flattered if I fall in that category. Some teams get all those big, fine, wonderful athletes, and the boys play about 75%, and teams that live tough and play tough and are dedicated beat their fannies seven out of nine times, which our boys have done with Georgia Tech. Has anybody thought to ask the boys if it was worth it?

I've tried to teach sacrifice and dis-

cipline to my coaches and my boys, and there were times I went too far and asked too much and took out my mistakes on them. I've made mistakes, a lot of stupid mistakes. I know that. I lost games by overworking my teams, and I lost some good boys by pushing them too far, or being pigheaded.

I'm older now, and not as dumb, I hope, and some things I would do differently because I know better, but that doesn't change my mind about the value of hard work.

Listen, does your boy know how to work? Try to teach him to work, to sacrifice, to fight. He better learn now, because he's going to have to do it some day. Lloyd Hale was a sophomore on that first team we took to Junction, and he asked me one time what I meant by "fight." Well, I don't mean fistfight, like we used to do back in Arkansas, I told him. I mean, some morning when you've been out of school 20 years and you wake up and your house has burned down and your mother is in the hospital and the kids are all sick and you're overdrawn at the bank and your wife has run off with the drummer what are you going to do? Throw in?

Well, like I say, I've done some stupid things and made some stupid decisions. I quit Kentucky because I got a mad on and made up my mind it just wasn't big enough for me and Adolph Rupp, and that was sure stupid.

I can tell you a lot about quitters. I used to have a sign at Kentucky: *BE GOOD OR BE GONE*. Jerry Claiborne used to say he had a different roommate every day. I don't have that sign anymore. Don't believe it's necessary now, because I don't believe you can categorize every boy who quits football as a quitter. For some it's just a matter of finding other interests, just like switching courses. But, from the time I played at Alabama until a few years ago, I believed that if you weren't a winner, if the game didn't mean enough to you, you'd probably wind up quitting. So I've laid it on the line to a lot of boys. I've shook 'em, hugged 'em, kicked 'em, and embarrassed them in front of the squad. I've got down in the dirt with

them, and if they didn't give as well as they took I'd tell them they were insults to their upbringing, and I've cleaned out their lockers for them and piled their clothes out in the hall, thinking I'd make them prove what they had in their veins, blood or spit, one way or the other, and praying they would come through.

Well, you never know. When I was at Alabama I quit one time, and Coach Hank Crisp went to where I was staying and brought me back.

After a while I got to sulking around again, threatening to quit. Coach Hank was Frank Thomas' assistant, and he was more what I am, a field coach. I'm not much on the blackboard, but I can coach on that field. Or could. My assistants do all the coaching now.

Anyway, I was big-dogging around, talking about quitting and going to LSU, and Coach Hank sent for me. He was down there where we had our equipment, and he had my trunk out. I had this big old country trunk. Don't know why, because I didn't have enough clothes to fill one-fourth of it. But he had the plowline out and said, "I hear you want to leave. Well, dammit, I want you to leave, and I'm here to help you and see that you do. Come on, let's get that plowline out and tie this trunk up and get your tail out of here."

Well, you never heard such crying and begging and carrying on. I finally talked him into letting me stay, and I never let out a peep about quitting again. Some of my boys I've pushed to that point, some of the real good ones. John Crow tells me he was about to quit one time. He was a sophomore at A&M and he was sitting in the shower after a real hard practice, just sitting there worn out, and the manager came in and said, "O.K., Crow, come on. Coach Bryant was just getting the spectators out of the stands." Which I was. I used to do that, and still will, if a practice is going bad. Send the boys in, lock the gates after all the spectators are gone and bring the boys back.

Anyway, Crow told me he was about to quit that day. Said I came back out there, real calm, "and when you're real calm, it's trouble," he said. "We never paid any attention to you when you

continued

BEAR BRYANT continues

were raising hell. When you said, 'Now, gentlemen, we're going to put the ball down here, and we're going to get it behind the goal,' you were real calm, and we knew we were in for it." He said it was the doggonest scrimmage he'd ever been in, and I asked him why he didn't quit. He looked me square in the eye and said, "Because I'da killed you before I'd let you make me quit."

Well, it doesn't always work that way. One boy I remember telling I was going to help pack, just like Hank Crisp did me, only this boy let me help him, and he went on to another school and made All-America and played six years or so for the Cleveland Browns.

Bob Gain is a better example. Bob had been a big discipline problem, and I'd finally told him he was the sorriest thing I'd ever run up against and threat-

ened him with everything I could think of. When he straightened out he was the best leader I ever had, but, boy, he hated my guts. Well, he went to Korea shortly after he got out of Kentucky, and the night before they were going into battle he sat down and wrote me a letter. It was a real surprise to me. He told me he hated my guts, all right, then. But, he said, "I love you tonight for what I used to hate you for." You don't think that makes it all worthwhile?

So I say I don't know any sure way of motivating a boy. You talk about paying players. That's a form of motivation. Very popular after the war, too. Well, I've done that, or at least let some of my alumni do it, and if I was a young coach 28 or 30 years old and just starting out I might do it again, if the competition was paying boys and I felt I

had to meet the competition. Wouldn't do it now, of course. Don't have to and wouldn't anyway. I'd resign first. That's the one thing I told them when I came to Alabama, I wouldn't cheat.

But we had a couple boys at Kentucky that got something, and at A&M there were four or five, and I believe most of the time you could tell who was getting something by the way they played. The game just didn't mean quite as much to them.

So what motivated me? That fear, I guess, for a long time anyway. I can remember so well being on that old wagon with Mama, peddling milk and butter and eggs, turnip greens and black-eyed peas and watermelons and whatever else we had. In the Negro sections mainly. Papa was a semi-invalid, and our whole income was those truck



As a barefoot 5-year-old, Paul Bryant was photographed with his parents and nine of 11 brothers and sisters on family farm in Moro Bottom, Ark.

patches. This was in Moro Bottom, which is no more than what it sounds, a little piece of bottom land on the Moro Creek about seven miles south of Fordyce. Wasn't any highway, just an old dirt road, and whenever it rained or snowed my older brothers would hitch up the mules, because somebody was bound to get caught in the mud and they could make a buck or two.

And, oh, my, so cold. Mama would heat those bricks to keep us from freezing to death on the wagon. I was always amazed how those old mules—a black one, old Pete, and a white one, old Joe—could swim as they pulled that wagon.

Boy, I hated it. I hated every minute of it, making those rounds. Whatever Mama had left over she'd take up to Uncle John's store at the hotel, and he'd buy up the rest to do her a favor. Then she'd go in there for a good meal. But I had such an inferiority complex I was too ashamed to go with her. I didn't know whether to use the knife or the spoon or what, so I'd go to Mr. Keeton, the cattle buyer, and for a dime he'd give me a hunk of cheese enough for four people and a stack of soda crackers. Then I'd get a quarter's worth of oats and chops for the mules and go down to Mr. Atkinson's livery stable right across from the railroad station, where there was a pump, because that cheese made you thirsty, and I'd get up on a boxcar and imagine how wonderful it would be to be an engineer or a fireman, and I'd eat my cheese and crackers until 4 o'clock. I could see the clock on the courthouse from there. At 4 I'd go back and get Mama, and we'd load up supplies she bought and head home.

They had school on Saturdays then, because they said they wanted to keep the children off the streets. Actually there was nothing to run over them but a mule or runaway horse, but on Saturday we invariably wound up at old Arch Weathers' at 10 to 12, and in front of school at 12. I can pass that school now and hear those voices. They'd be letting out for lunch, and those kids would come along and make fun of me and those old mules. I still remember the ones that did it.

The thing was, though, I must have

craved attention, and maybe this has something to do with shaping a man. I still like attention. Little things make me proud. One of my television sponsors, Sloan Bashinsky, has a house on the Florida Keys at Islamorada, right on the ocean, and a lot next door that's nothing but coral and weeds, and he said he was going to call the lot Bear Bryant Field and put signs up. I went down there the other day, telling a friend of mine how much old Sloan thought of me, and when we got there he had the signs up, all right, but they said, *TIME* 1970. Old Sloan was going for something more permanent.

Anyway, I had to have attention. When I was a little-bitty kid if I wanted a dipper of water I wouldn't let my sisters get it. I'd want Mama to quit her washing or mowing and come get it, and if she didn't I'd hold my breath until I turned blue. She'd whip me, of course. Used an old plum-orchard switch that cut bad. But I got that attention.

I remember a revival meeting at the church down in Mt. Lebanon. I took a little old cat and threw it in the window, right into a girl's lap, and like to scared her to death. I got a whipping for that, too. And a lot of attention.

My folks were very religious. Wouldn't go to shows or anything, never even go to a football game, and they sure didn't believe in sparing the rod. I got more of the same at school. I took a turtle and put it in a girl's desk one day, and when it crawled out onto her lap you never heard such screaming. At that time they'd just fired a lady teacher, who we'd laugh at when she whipped us, and brought in this great big old guy who'd played football over at Henderson-Brown, Alec Wysinger.

Well, Mr. Wysinger got that little girl calmed down and ran off my turtle. Then he took me up front of this one-room schoolhouse, up on the stage where we recited our lessons, and he put me over his knees, like a sack of flour, and held me with one hand and took a paddle with holes in it in the other. Every time he hit, it raised a blister. I told him when I got old enough I was going to whip him. My brothers wanted to go whip him right then when they heard about it,

but Papa said I probably deserved more than I got, which was true.

Years later, when I was in school at Alabama, I came hitchhiking home one summer, and a fellow picked me up and asked me if I remembered what I'd promised to do when I got big enough. It was old man Wysinger. I laughed and said, "Yessir, I remember, but I'm still not big enough."

I was always a big kid, and I remember one summer we walked in from the farm to Mr. Smith's picture theater in Fordyce. Drucilla Smith, who was a good-looking little gal, was standing by this poster that showed a picture of a bear and a guy offering a dollar a minute to anyone who would wrestle that bear. Mr. Smith was out front, and he was all excited because the man that was going to do the wrestling hadn't showed up. Somebody said to me, "Why don't you go in there?" and I sorta glanced at Drucilla Smith and said, "For a dollar a minute I'd do anything."

You know, big-dogging it. This was in the summer, because I was chopping cotton for 50¢ a day at the time and I felt I'd wrestle King Kong for a dollar a minute.

Anyway, they egged me on, and Mr. Smith lined it up with the fellow who had the bear. There wasn't anything else to do anyway, and the picture cost a dime. Mr. Smith agreed to let me and my friends in free.

The theater was a little old tin room, and the seats went downhill. At the bottom was the big stage, and if you sat right in front you couldn't see the screen for the stage. Well, when they brought that bear out it was the scrawniest thing my friends had seen, but to me it looked 30 feet tall. I must have wanted that money real bad. Anyway, I knew one thing about wrestling. I knew if you got hold of somebody and kept your body away from him, he'd have a hard time breaking your hold. That was what I was going to do. Keep that bear from rolling over on me.

Well, the man made his speech about this big, ferocious thing and introduced me, and about the time the bear reared up I charged him and in a second had him down where he couldn't move, and

continued

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BEAR BRYANT *footwear*

there we lay. Finally the man began pushing at me, telling me to let him up. But I wasn't ready to do that because time was flying by. I know what he wanted, though. He wanted action. But I just lay there.

Finally the bear worked loose, and I got him again, and he got loose again, and now he was getting pretty mad, and when I looked up his muzzle was off. I felt this burning on the back of my neck, and when I reached to touch it I got a hand full of blood. When I saw that, I jumped off that stage and nearly killed myself getting behind those seats to hide. After a while I went around to get my money, but the man with the bear had flown the coop. All I got out of the whole thing was a nickname.

About that time Mama took a couple of rooms up in Kingsland—a little apartment—because it was so cold riding in. I'll tell you when it was: it was when Floyd Collins was in the cave in Kentucky, because we walked down to the railroad station every afternoon and the train came by and brought the papers. We didn't buy the paper, we just looked at the headlines. Anyway, instead of having to drive those mules around and unharness them and turn them out at noon when everybody else was playing basketball and stuff, I got my first chance to play.

Of course, nobody wanted me on their side. I was always the last one picked, and that didn't do a whole lot for my inferiority complex. Well, I must have got a little better, because I remember there was a big bully in about the sixth grade, and one day he chose me first on his basketball team. I thought, boy, I really got it made now.

Eventually my mother rented a big house over in Fordyce and took in boarders and we moved over there, and one day I was walking past the field where the high school team was practicing football. I was in the eighth grade. I'd never even seen a football. The coach, naturally, noticed a great big boy like me, and he asked if I wanted to play. I said, "Yessir, I guess I do." I said, "How do you play?" He said, "Well, you see that fellow catching the ball down there?" Yeah. "Well, whenever he

catches it, you go down there and try to kill him." I didn't know it then, but they were covering punts, and I just happened to get down there about the time the ball did and just kind of ran over that little boy. The following Friday I played on the team, and I didn't even know what "end zone" meant.

My daddy didn't want me to play, but Mama said it was all right, and I took my high-top black shoes down to Mr. Clark, the shoemaker, to put some cleats on them. Boy, talk about proud! I wore those cleats to football, to class, to Sunday school. I wore them in the house, everywhere, clomping around and making a terrible racket. They were the only shoes I had.

It's a funny thing about what a pair of shoes or a suit or something will do for a fellow. I'll never forget how much those high-top black shoes with the cleats meant to me, or the time Collins Kilgore, my cousin, loaned me my first suit. Years later I saw Hank Crisp walk into a room at Alabama, where one of the players was wearing a pair of torn-up old shoes—a poor boy like me—and Coach Hank kicked off his own shoes, a brand-new pair, and told the boy to try them on. "How do they fit?" he asked. "Well, you just keep those. I can get more."

How much could that mean? I don't know, but I know what those shoes meant to me, and I know what they meant to that boy at Alabama, and I'll never forget at Kentucky when George Blanda was my quarterback. He'd been like I was, never had anything and always easing around, easing around, staying out of the way like he didn't want to be seen. For the first year or so I didn't get anything out of Blanda. He didn't go for that driving. Hollering, "Let's go!" and slapping him on the butt didn't mean a thing. I just couldn't reach him.

Well, the students had gotten on him pretty good. Mississippi had beat hell out of us, and they were on him because he was the quarterback. I saw him on the campus one day and I put my arm around him and told him it was all right, because they'd be cheering for him before long, and I noticed he had cardboard in the bottom of his shoes. Well,

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I was stupid not to have noticed it before. I called him into my office, and I said, "George, I want you to go down to Graves-Cox and buy yourself a new outfit, head to foot, and charge it to me." You could do things like that in those days. Well, he did, and you could just see him brighten up. He was a different guy after that. We didn't lose another game, either.

Anyway, for a little school like Fordyce we had a terrific football team those next three years. I played offensive end and defensive tackle, just an ordinary player, but I was in hog's heaven. I loved to play. I loved to practice. And I was a big kid, so I played regularly. I remember the biggest thrill I ever had was playing in Little Rock the first couple of years. Rode an elevator for the first time in Little Rock, and we went up there one year and beat them 34-0, and I caught a 70-yard pass for a touchdown. Biggest thing in my life. Clark Jordan called the play, and I ran under the ball and caught it, closed my eyes and kept running. Ran right through the end zone and through a fence.

Well, I wasn't very smart in school, and lazy to boot. Of all the people who might do something in life, I was the one folks figured would do the least. I was always involved in something, and one of my brothers had gotten the family in a sort of feud with another family when he caught one of the boys slaughtering one of his cows. Actually a near-shooting feud. Stupid. And I'd busted up some boys from Camden at a basketball game one night. Must have fought everybody in the gym. So I was about the last one you would figure to go to college and get a degree.

I wanted to go to Alabama. Always had. I remember one time going down to a college All-Star Game in Dallas with Fred Thomsen, the Arkansas coach. He wanted me to come there. And at the half I slipped off and rode a streetcar back to town to listen to Alabama play Washington State in the Rose Bowl on radio.

So when they came over to ask the Jordan twins, our best players, about coming to Alabama, they didn't have to recruit me. I was ready. There were

always a few Arkansas boys on the Alabama team because of the influence of Jimmy Harland, who recruited me, Don Hutson, Charlie Marr, Bill Young, Happy Campbell and Leroy Goldberg on that same Rose Bowl team of 1935.

But nobody in Fordyce thought I'd stick it out. I remember years later I'd go back just to take a walk downtown and nod and say hello and how are you and good to see you to those slickers who laughed at me on that wagon. I don't get the kick out of it now. I have very warm feelings toward the entire state. I go back to see the folks two or three times each year now.

But I'll tell you how close they came to being right. It was during the Depression. Daddy had died eating watermelon—got poisoned or something—and Mama was having a tough time, and if I was looking for an excuse I had one. I wrote Collins Kilgore, my cousin, a letter. I told him I was going to quit school and get me a job in Texas. Well, in no time I got this wire back. It was from Collins. I remember so well, I was walking between the soup store and where the stadium is now, when I opened the wire. It said, GO AHEAD AND QUIT, JUST LIKE EVERYBODY PREDICTED YOU WOULD.

I wasn't about to quit after that.

We thought then, and I know now, that Coach Thomas was ahead of the game. There wasn't a whole lot he didn't know about it, and there sure isn't much we do now that he didn't know then. He could have been a great baseball manager. (I think he was one of the first to discover Willie Mays.) He was a real intelligent man, a smart football coach and, like most coaches who have a reputation for being tough, he was a sentimental old man, just like me. His background may have had something to do with it. He was a punk kid from around East Chicago—I use his terminology when I say that—and he knew how to handle himself at the spur of the moment.

Well, how much can a man influence you? I tell my coaches, when they go out on their own, to be themselves, but that doesn't mean you don't learn from people who have something to teach

continued

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you. I used to call long distance to get advice from Coach Thomas years after he quit coaching. Even after he got sick—and I hated to see him that way—I chartered a plane just to go and spend a few hours with him. I still go to Hank Crisp when I have a problem. There's a tip-off for you. Surround yourself with good people. Coach Hank didn't know a whole lot about fancy techniques, but he had more of what it takes to win. Techniques alone won't win. He had that other thing—he could get you to play. He had lost a hand in a cotton gin, and he had that nub wrapped in leather, and he'd get down there with you and flail away, and it was like patting you on the back.

We were playing Tennessee in Knoxville in 1935, and the week before against Mississippi State I had broken the fibula in my leg. The night before the Tennessee game Dr. Sherrill came by the hotel and took the cast off. He said if it felt all right I could dress for the game, if nothing else. I said, is there any chance of a bone sticking out anywhere? He said no. So we go out there, and I dress, and Coach Thomas made his little pitch, his pep talk, and then he asked Coach Hank if he wanted to say anything. Coach Hank said he did. He had a cigarette dangling from his mouth (I was kinda looking at him sideways from around Riley Smith), and he said, "I'll tell you gentlemen one thing. I don't know about the rest of you, you or you or you, I don't know what you're going to do. But I know one damn thing. Old 34 will be after 'em, he'll be after their tails." I looked down, and I'm 34! I had no idea of playing. So we go out there, and cold chills are running up my back. He done bragged on old 34. Ben McLeod, whose son played for us last year, had never started a game in his life, and he was starting in my place. They lined up for the kickoff, and Coach Thomas turned to me and said, "Bryant, can you play?" Well, shoot, what you going to say? I just ran on out there. McLeod was so mad he could spit.

I played the rest of the season with that broken leg, but that day I was lucky as a priest. On one of our first plays, Riley Smith and Joe Riley—they knew I was hurt, so they were going to fix me

up fast for big-dogging—called a pass. Everybody was there to get the ball, but it just fell into my hands, and a couple of them fell over, and I ran a little piece before they caught me. On about the third play we did the same thing, a little old hook pass, and I lateraled to Riley Smith, the All-America back, and he ran for a touchdown. We won the game 25-0.

I think we probably had more fun in those days than the boys do now. None of us had any money or anything. I didn't have a stamp to write home with, and there was no such thing as a player having an automobile. I think there were about three on the entire campus. We didn't have to study a great deal, because the academic standards were not as high as they are now, so we practiced a lot. Spring practice would begin in February, and it wouldn't end until we got enough, which would be about the middle of April. I was majoring in physical education, but I wasn't studying anything. Heck, I didn't know how to study. Today these boys have to fight for their lives in that classroom.

We didn't get into any big trouble or anything, but we used to like to "go riding around," as we called it, which was no more than walking around to the sorority houses before 8 o'clock, when the girls went out on dates. We didn't have any money to take them out, so we'd drop by and let them take food out of their sorority houses so we could sit around having picnics and holding hands. Finally Coach Hank got tired of it. He was Coach Thomas' disciplinarian.

We were over at a sorority house after hours sauntering around, about 10 of us, and the girls had got the music going, and we were dancing and having a time. Well, the housemother started down the stairs, and Charlie Marr grabbed the door handle to pull it open, and that son of a gun was so strong he pulled the knob off, and Coach Hank had us trapped.

His favorite punishment was to make us run laps at 4 a.m. But this time he took us over to the track, where they were having a meet, and all the students were there, and he made us run 100 laps. Run them, he said, or pack up and get going. We finished up about 10 that night.

But I'll tell you. The clincher with

continued

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BEAR BRYANT

CONTINUED

those girls (they were about the only things we had to take our minds off football) was one night when Coach Hank called a meeting of all the athletes up at the A Clubroom, where we had a pool table, and he came in and everyone got scared because we knew somebody's tail had had it. He came in with a sackful of something, and all he did was start pulling things out of that sack—silk underwear and scarves and things—and throwing them around the necks of about five of us. He straightened up finally and said, "Well, dammit, that's all you think about anyway," and turned around and walked out.

Now, when Coach Thomas called you it was something really special, and you didn't ever want that. He stopped Don Hutson and me on the street one day and had us get in the car with him, and we knew something was up. We rode along for a while, and he said, "I understand you boys are pretty bog with the ladies. Well, that doesn't mix too good with football. You better make your minds up whether you want to play on this football team or not," and he put us out. Well, he didn't start us that week, but it was a week before the Tennessee game, and he knew what he was doing. We were sure ready for Tennessee.

He knew what to say and when to say it, and that is the secret. I'll never forget, we were going out for the 1935 Rose Bowl game. I went into the men's lounge on the train. Coach Thomas was sitting there with some of the coaches and Red Heard, the athletic director of LSU, and two or three newspapermen. He said, "Red, this is my best football player. This is the best player on my team." Well, shoot, I could have gone right out the top. I mean, he didn't have to say anything else. I know now what he was doing, because I try to do it myself. He was getting me ready. And I was, too. I would have gone out there and killed myself for Alabama that day.

NEXT WEEK: CONTRACT WARS

Coach Bryant tells of his deep conflict at Kentucky with Adolph Rupp and of the troubled years at Texas A&M that led to his abrupt return to Alabama.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It appeared for an instant that Houston (6-7) Centerfielder Jim Wynn was going to make a spectacular running catch of Richie Allen's long drive to center. Instead, Wynn crashed into the outfield wall in Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium, bounced back five feet, and lay crumpled on the grass with a dislocated left elbow and wrist as Allen circled the bases with a game-winning, inside-the-park homer. Moaned Manager Grady Hatton, "This is my 21st year in baseball, and I've never seen the likes of the injuries we have suffered this year." Injuries to key players such as Wynn and Joe Morgan, who finally returned after missing six weeks with a broken knee cap, have been mainly responsible for the Astros' plummet from fourth place, five games out on late June, to eighth place, 15 back last week. The team's latest losing streak reached eight games and 15 of its last 16. Said Hatton, "We thought we could come back. Now we have as much chance as the man in the moon." One team that is coming back is Cincinnati (6-1). Tommy Harper *below* extended his hitting streak to 23 games, and Relief Pitcher Don Nottbart saved two games and won two others. He now has five victories and four saves. With a 19-8 record since he took over as manager on July 13 (the Reds were nine games below .500), Dave Bristol announced: "We're looking for nothing but first place." Pittsburgh (4-3), in and out of first place during the week, broke a four-game losing streak as Reliever Pete Mikkelsen allowed only two hits in two innings against the Dodgers for his seventh victory, and Bob Veale and Vernon Law pitched complete game wins over L.A. Veale's complete game was the first for the Pirates in two and a half weeks (53 pitchers were used). Answering

entics who said the Pirates were weak on the mound, Pitching Coach Clyde King growled, "If our pitching was as bad as I hear it is, we'd be in sixth place." Clyde said that before Starter Steve Blass (8-4) fractured his right thumb. For the first time in two weeks and for only the second time this season Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale won back-to-back games for Los Angeles (4-3). The Dodgers slipped to second after the three losses in a row to the Pirates, but a three-game visit to Houston put L.A. on top again. San Francisco (4-3) lost six of its last 11 games—all against second-division teams—after being ahead or tied in the seventh inning in eight of them. Last week the Giants dispatched a five-run, eighth-inning lead against the Mets and followed that with two straight losses to the Cubs. Juan Marichal (17-5) received credit for a win as relief but was knocked out of the box by the Mets two days later in his first start in two weeks, while Frank Linzy lost in relief in three of the last 11 games the Giants played. Heavy hitting by Bill White, John Calhoun, John Briggs and Cookie Rojas moved Philadelphia (5-2) into the pennant race. White, with a .375 batting average for the week, homered to beat the Astros and Briggs' home run defeated the Braves. After winning 12 of 13, St. Louis (3-5) dropped five straight. Rookie Steve Carlton, called Ichabod Crane by his teammates, broke the losing streak with his first major league victory. A pinch-hit, three-run homer by Ron Swoboda in the bottom of the ninth against the Giants gave New York (2-6) one of its two wins during the week. When Chicago (4-2) took two straight from the Giants after taking two of three from Atlanta (3-3) a Chicago paper said in a headline, CUBS IN THICK OF PENNANT RACE. The only thing the Braves were in the thick of was contro-

versy. Fans accused General Manager John McHale of playing for next season when he called up several young players from the Richmond farm after the Braves fell to seventh place. Said McHale with a straight face, "We're not giving up on this season."

Standings LA 42-45 PH 48-46 SF 45-47 Phil 40-51 BAL 37-53 Cin 36-54 Atl 31-55, New 49-61, NY 49-61, Chi 36-72

AMERICAN LEAGUE

After Detroit's (4-3) Dennis McLain pitched a four-hitter against the White Sox (his first win since the All-Star Game), he announced that Detroit "is a country-club team . . . and the managerial situation is ridiculous." Faced with a stiff fine and the anger of the team, McLain denied the statements: "May God strike me dead if I said those things." Upon hearing that, one of his teammates said, "I don't know whether I'd want to ride on an airplane with Dennis." Boston (2-6) had no problem striking McLain four days later as the Red Sox scored four runs in 3½ innings to break a five-game losing streak and give McLain his fifth loss in his last six starts. Complete game wins by New York's (3-6) Mel Stottlemyre and Steve Hamilton, his first career shutout in 187 games (all but seven were in relief) plus Whitey Ford's first victory since July 16 were overshadowed by the luckluster play of Ringer Maris. Commenting on Maris, one New York paper said, FOR SALE: A \$70,000 LOAF. Someone who didn't loaf was Paul Schaaf of California (3-4) who broke his finger when he dove headlong into Yankee Catcher Jake Gibbs to complete a game-winning, 11th-inning, inside-the-park home run. Twenty-year-old Jay Johnstone, brought up to replace ailing Rick Reichardt, had his first in his first 17 major league at bats. Cleveland (5-3) Manager Birdie Teb-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

In his three previous years with the Cincinnati Reds, 25-year-old Tommy Harper was lost in the shadows of Outfielders Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson. With Robinson now starring in the American League and Pinson having an off year, Harper has finally been discovered. Dubbed "Felix the Cat" (for no particular reason) by Manager Dave Bristol, Harper was batting only .269 in mid-June. Then he started to hit and this week moved briefly into the National League's top 10. His average as of Sunday was .309. Since July 17, four days after Bristol became the Reds' manager, Felix the Cat has hit safely in 23 consecutive games, batted .361 (35 for 97), scored 18 runs (67 for

the season), and the Reds have won 17 of 23 games. As leadoff man, Harper has been on base over 40% of the time during the streak. Once on base he has been even more of a threat, stealing 18 bases in 24 attempts. Says Bristol, "He's got the green light to run whenever he wants . . . he sets the stage for us." Harper's speed and daring also show up in right field. In a game that Cincinnati won last week he ended a Cardinal rally with a line running catch that left two men on base in the fourth inning. Two innings later his leaping, one-handed stab robbed Lou Brock of a bases-loaded, extra-base hit. His talents have endeared Harper to all of Cincinnati—but especially to Bristol. "Everyone likes him and respects him," said Bristol. "He's a leader now."



RED'S TOMMY HARPER

RUNS PRODUCED

(through Aug. 3)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Teammates batted in*	Total runs produced
Arteson Atl. (297)	80	54	134
Clemente Phi. (322)	66	54	120
Waters Phi. (292)	63	52	115
Allen Phi. (310)	71	43	114
Mays SF (294)	66	45	111
Allen Atl. (324)	76	28	104
Stangel Phil. (322)	57	48	105
West SF (287)	63	42	105
Torre Atl. (292)	60	44	104
Williams Cle. (293)	66	38	104
Rice Cle. (290)	65	39	104

AMERICAN LEAGUE

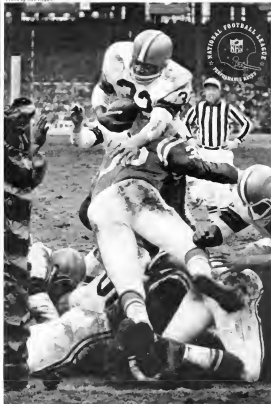
	Runs scored	Teammates batted in*	Total runs produced
R. Roberts Balt. (292)	72	63	135
F. Robinson Balt. (316)	66	45	111
Powell Det. (281)	61	50	110
Olson Minn. (322)	64	46	110
Yastrzemski Bos. (283)	67	45	112
Almon Cle. (283)	61	40	101
Gersh Det. (313)	55	45	100
Kalish Det. (312)	60	39	99
Peapack NY (281)	64	35	99
Compton Bos. (284)	57	42	99

*Adapted by author from MLB's *Baseball Facts*

Tebbetts considered his news important enough to interrupt his players' sleep on the plane bringing them home from Anaheim. "Hey," he announced, "I thought you guys would like to know that McDowell will open the Oracle series." Tebbetts should have let his players sleep. McDowell had poor control and was hit hard, giving up five runs and three walks in three innings. Said Not-So-Sudden Sam after the game, "I wish somebody would tie down the plate." BALTIMORE (2-4) lost three straight (their longest losing streak) for only the third time this season, and went three games in a row without a homer for only the second time. When asked about the pennant race, however, Boog Powell said, "If we don't win they ought to line us up and shoot us!" Infuriated by a Los Angeles paper's headline that "the most exciting thing the White Sox do is run off the field," CHICAGO (4-2) took three games from the Angels. Jimmy Hall batted .530, with four homers and 10 RBIs, accounting for the winning runs in each game as MINNESOTA (5-2) swept a four-game series from Boston. It put the Twins three games over .500, their best record since mid-May. KANSAS CITY (4-4) and WASHINGTON (4-3) split a four-game series as relief pitching predominated. The Senators' Ron Kline earned his 15th save, and the Senators' bullpen allowed only two earned runs in 25½ innings (0.71 ERA), while the A's Jack Aker gained his 18th save. In an unprecedented move, Manager Al Dark credited KC Owner Charlie Finley with the decision to bring up 21-year-old Jim Nash from Mobile, who boosted his record to 5-0. "Finley has real good judgment," said Dark.

Stingers: Balt. 21, Det. 5; SF 50, Cle. 55; NY 51, Cal 52; SF 54, Cle. 55-55; NY 50-61, KC 49-51; Wash. 51-64, Cle. 47-51

Photo by Ken Regan



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOBODIE

Sirs

In this world of atomic energy and aerospace, cold wars and hot ones, one can't help but wonder on occasion whether a man really has any business devoting his life to, say, mastering the physical act of striking a ball with a club. And, reasoning thus, one would find surprising the genuine sorrow expressed by so many at the death of a professional golfer—or any sportsman. But the heart has reasons of which the reason knows not. One might as well say it is illogical for people to spend an afternoon in an art gallery or enjoy a symphony.

Tony Lama was a man whose skill gave esthetic pleasure, whose spirit inspired admiration. And when one life has stirred such emotions in other people, its ending is a personal thing. Tony Lama was involved in mankind. And his death diminishes me.

DOUGLAS BOWIE

Ottawa, Ont.

Sirs

Rarely have I been enthralled by a sport I know so very little about, but Barnaby Conrad's tribute to Carlos Arzuza, *Hommage to a Peruvian Matador* (Aug. 1), did just that. His superb commentary had me seeing every pass and shuddering with each glancing blow of the bull's horns. I am very sorry that I will never have the pleasure of seeing this great matador in the ring. But I feel that I have experienced some of Arzuza's greatness through this story, and that will have to satisfy me.

STUART SCHIFF

Oceanside, N.Y.

Sirs

Barnaby Conrad's article was a moving, fitting farewell to Carlos Arzuza, perhaps the most exciting *torero* of our time.

JEFFREY LYONS

New York City

UNDER THE RAINBOW

Sirs

Soaring enthusiasts are almost invariably pleased to find their sport given publicity in a mass-circulation magazine. This is all the more true when the pictures and text are of the unusually high quality found in your article (*Sailors of the Shakedown Slaves*, Aug. 1). There seem to be almost abiding misconceptions about soaring, however, and two of these have cropped up again.

The first is that a sailplane is fragile. Gliders do look fragile, but they are among the most highly stressed airplanes built. Maximum load factors are generally on the order of eight or nine, a point beyond which it is probably inadvisable to go because of the

stresses put on the contents of the glider, the pilot included.

The second idea, that soaring is an escape, is a great deal more complex. To the idle passenger in a glider the experience may seem to be consciously free of care. There are, in fact, many times when life is so abundant that the glider pilot can sit back and enjoy an hour of rather easy flying. Thus, however, is exceptional.

Soaring, at its best, is too complex, too demanding, too engrossing and requires far too much energy and concentration to be considered easy or escapist. It is, in this respect, very much like life itself, offering intimations of immortality with the elation of attaining some cloudy height, or the abysmal dejection of a seemingly hopeless struggle against gravity on some little knoll. Perhaps this explains what draws sailors to the shadowed skies.

RICHARD N. MILLER

Editor, *Soaring*

Santa Monica, Calif.

FOOTBRIDGE

Sirs

Congratulations on your excellent and, perhaps, unexpected article on the World Cup competition in London (July 25 and Aug. 8). Never underestimate the number and tenacious loyalty of soccer devotees here in the U.S. Soccer is the fastest-growing sport in America today. One sign of the times is the fact that the World Cup final was shown nationally via Early Bird.

Soccer, the king of all sports, can be a great bridge between the U.S. and the rest of the world, and it will do more to enhance America's international prestige than all the economic, political and military power we can muster.

BRIAN DALY

New York City

MOOSE CALL

Sirs

I would like to start off by saying I truly enjoyed your recent article, *Bush in the Woods* (July 11 and 18). It makes one feel good to know that there are such fine schools as the Outward Bound to teach young people, especially girls, how to survive in the wilderness.

However, there is one paragraph in Part I of the story that still perplexes me. Barbara La Fontaine wrote: "The next day the girls proved to have made out better than I had. Cathi Crowson and Devvie Booth greeted everyone with, 'We had a moose.' What did you have?"

Does this mean the girls actually killed a moose and ate it or just saw or captured it? I would very much appreciate an answer

on this question since I have a bet with my girl friend.

MIKE JACKLIN

Post Falls, Idaho

● The girls did not kill the moose. It came up to them and kind of snuffled around, while they, somewhat atremble, wondered what to do. "I think we ought to talk to it," said Cathi, to which Devvie replied, "What should we say?" Summoning up her courage, Cathi said, "Good morning, moose. How are you?" The moose stared at her a moment, turned and ambled away.—ED

CONSCIENTIOUS HATER

Sirs

I have been a Chicago White Sox fan for 15 years—three-fourths of my life—and, if nothing else, that qualifies me as a full-fledged hater of the New York Yankees. I may not be as bitter as a lot of oldtimers out there in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (1914 Hoot, July 25), but in my time I've seen enough of such Yankee strategists as the back-to-back-to-back home runs, the game-saving circus catch and the patented Whitey Ford shutout to know whereof I speak.

Naturally I gloated last year when injuries, old age and changing times cut the pinstriped gods down to size. *Pino Is Resurrected!* The American League, at long last, was a democracy. But this year, heretical as it may sound, I find myself a little nostalgic for the Yankee mystique. It doesn't seem right, somehow, for the Yankees to come to town and be just another team. Beating them still seems like it should be an accomplishment, instead of something you have to do if you want to stay out of last place. So I'm a little disappointed that Ralph Houk, isn't working the same magic this year that earned his crippled Bombers to the pennant in '63. I hope that next year he'll be a little more successful, so that I can start hating them again in good conscience.

BRENDAN G. TAYLOR

Fort Hood, Texas

KEY LARGO (CONT.)

Sirs

All right—that did it (*Perils of Paradise*, July 11)! It's time you guys realized golf has been knocked off its pedestal. It's not the high and mighty nonprofit sport it used to be. It is now a multimillion dollar business. So what's this business of hunkle, hunkle?

I'll tell you what's slowing the game down. Blame those thousands of guys like me, who just started playing. We get out in the fresh air and mix it up with a bunch of guys. So we're learning, and it takes time, but hunkle,

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

fellas, you make me speed up, and I'll quit. Of course, all the dough we stupid characters spend on equipment, carts, fees, etc. is gone.

As for George Bayer's statement that amateurs "just waste time," I wonder how much business he'd do at his course if he didn't have those amateurs.

I'm with Nicklaus. What he and those boys do on a course is an art, and that's something you can't rush. Of course, if some of them don't care how they look on TV waggling their club 14 times, that's their business—maybe that's why their business is poor.

LESTER N. WEINSTEIN

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs:

In my opinion there is only one way to speed up the paralyzed game of golf: eliminate the lads.

I would like to commend Pat and Jack for their excellent articles on the subject.

MILT WARD

Waterloo, Iowa

● Pat thanks you for the commendation, but doesn't entirely agree with the sentiment. She happens to be a lady—ED.

BARKING BANGTAILS

Sirs:

Thanks for your story about the Afghans (*The Fastest Grand in the Canine Jet Set*, July 25). I realize that you cannot devote much space in many issues to dog activities, since those who would be interested are outnumbered many times by those more interested in seeing articles on more popular sports. But your readers might like to know about another show/race dog—the whippet. In certain areas of the country, principally in California and in the Midwest (Ill., Ind., Ohio), whippet racing in conjunction with dog shows is a very big thing. It is particularly pleasing to spectators and is used to draw crowds to the shows. Whippet owners train their own dogs, and this is no simple thing. They work their hearts out providing proper equipment and proper facilities for racing. It really has paid off quite well.

In case you are unaware of what a whippet is, it is a medium-sized version of the greyhound. It was bred about a hundred years ago in England by workmen who wanted dogs to race for sport and relaxation (and to make extra money to feed the hungry brood at home). Because they could not afford racing greyhounds and could obtain undesired "culls," they bred the whippet, using judicious infusions of terrier blood along the way. The result was a beautiful, elegant, compact and trim racing dog, which was small and easy to keep. They were known at one time as the poor man's racehorse. Thanks again for the dog coverage.

J. SMITH

Nashville

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